



In the year of Our Lord Christ
One thousand seven hundred thirty and seven
This Bust

of the Author of **PARADISE LOST**
was placed here by William Benson Esquire
One of the two Auditors of the Imprests
to his Majesty King George the second
formerly

Surveyor General of the Works
to his Majesty King George the first
Ryibrock
was the Statuary who cut it.





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Paradise Regain'd:

A

P O E M.

In Four BOOKS.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES;

A, N D

P O E M S upon several Occasions.

With a Tractate of Education.

J O H N M I L T O N

The A U T H O R.

L O N D O N:

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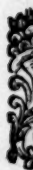
Book I.



J. Lightbody sculpt



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PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.



WHO ere while the happy Garden sung,
By one Man's Disobed'ence lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all Mankind,
By one Man's firm Obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the Tempter
foi'd

5

In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And *Eden* rais'd in the waste Wilderness.

Thou, Spirit, who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the Desert, his victorious Field
Against the spiritual Foe, and brought'st him thence 10
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted Song, else mute,
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above Heroick, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an Age,
Worthy t'have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer with a voice
 More awful than the sound of Trumpet, cry'd
 Repentance, and Heaven's Kingdom nigh at hand 20
 To all Baptiz'd: to his great Baptism flock'd,
 With awe the Regions round, and with them came
 From *Nazareth* the Son of *Joseph* deem'd,
 To the flood *Jordan* came, as then obscure,
 Unmarkt, unknown; but him the Baptist soon 25
 Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his Heavenly Office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a Dove 30
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.

That heard the Adversary, who roving still
 About the World, at that assembly sam'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
 Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man, to whom
 Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
 With wonder, then with envy fraught, and rage,
 Flies to his Place, nor rests, but in mid air
 To Council summons all his mighty Peers, 40
 Within thick Clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
 A gloomy Consistory; and them amidst
 With looks agast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide World,
 For much more willingly I mention Air, 45
 'This our old Conquest, than remember Hell
 Our hated habitation; well ye know
 How many Ages, as the years of Men,
 'This Universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
 In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth, 50
 Since *Adam* and his facil Consort *Eve*
 Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflict'd by the Seed of *Eve*

Upon

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 5

Upon my head ; long the decrees of Heav'n 55
 Delay, for longest time to him is short ;
 And now too soon for us the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compast, wherein we
 Must bide the stroak of that long threatn'd wound,
 At least if so we can, and by the Head 60
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infrin'g'd, our freedom and our being,
 In this fair Empire won of Earth and Air ;
 For this ill News I bring, the Woman's Seed
 Destin'd to this, is late of Woman born. 65
 His Birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
 But his growth now to youth's full flower displaying
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim 70
 His coming, is sent Harbinger, who all
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
 Purifi'd to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their King : all come, 75
 And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The Testimony of Heaven, that who he is
 Thenceforth the Nations may not doubt ; I saw
 The Prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
 Out of the Water, Heav'n above the Clouds
 Unfold her Crystal Doors, thence on his head
 A perfect Dove descend, whate'er it meant,
 And out of Heav'n the Sovereign voice I heard,
 This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
 His Mother then is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the Monarchy of Heaven ;
 And what will he not do t' advance his Son ?
 His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep ; 90
 Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge

6 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
 Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares,
 Ere in the head of Nations he appear
 Their King, their Leader, and Supream on Earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
 The dismal expedition, to find out
 And ruin *Adam*, and th' exploit perform'd
 Succesfully; a calmer Voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal Crew,
 Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main Enterprize
 To him their great Dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
 In *Adam's* overthrow, and led their march 115
 From Hell's deep-vaulted Den to dwell in light,
 Regents, and Potentates, and Kings, yea Gods
 Of many a pleasant Realm and Province wide,
 So to the Coast of *Jordan* he directs
 His easie steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
 This Man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his Reign on Earth so long enjoy'd: 125
 But contrary, unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd Counsel pre-ordain'd and fixt
 Of the most High, who in full frequence bright
 Of Angels, thus to *Gabriel* smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
 Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 7

To verifie that solemn Message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In *Galilee*, that she should bear a Son 135
 Great in Renown and call'd the Son of God;
 Then toldst her, doubting how these things could be
 To her a Virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the Power of the Highest
 O'ershadow her: this Man born and now up grown,
 To shew him worthy of his Birth Divine 141
 And high Prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtilty, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
 Of his Apostasie; he might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in *Job*,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a Man 150
 Of female Seed, far abler to resist
 All his sollicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost,
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean 155
 To exercise him in the Wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death the two grand foes,
 By Humiliation and strong Sufferance: 160
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the Angels and Æthereal Powers,
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn Salvation for the Sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n
 Admiring stood a space, then into Hymns
 Burst forth, and in Celestial measures mov'd 170

Circling the Throne and finging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the Argument.

Victory and Triumph to the Son of God
Now entering his great duel, not of Arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial Virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their Odes and Vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in *Bethabara* where *John* baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like Office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of Men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entred now the bordering desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditation thus pursu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel my self, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd.
When I was yet a Child no childish play
To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be publick good; my self I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The Law of God I read and found it sweet,

Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that ere yet my age
Had measur'd twice six Years, at our great Feast 210
I went into the Temple, there to hear
The Teachers of our Law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own ;
And was admir'd by all ; yet this not all
To which my Spirit aspir'd, victorious deeds 215
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue *Israel* from the *Roman* Yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud Tyrannick pow'r,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuation do the work of fear ;
At least to try, and teach the erring Soul
Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware 225
Mis-led ; the stubborn only to destroy.
These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
O Son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230
To what heighth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above Example high ;
By matchless Deeds exprefs thy matchless Sire.
For know thou art no Son of mortal man,
Though men esteem thee low of Parentage, 235
Thy Father is th' Eternal King, who rules
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men ;
A messenger from God foretold thy Birth
Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
Thou should'st be great and sit on *David's* Throne,
And of thy Kingdom there shall be no end. 241
At thy Nativity a glorious Quire
Of Angels in the fields of *Bethlehem* sung
To Shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born, 245
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the Manger where thou lay'st ;

For

For in the Inn was left no better room :
 A Star not seen before in Heav'n appearing
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East, 250
 To honour thee with Incense, Myrrh and Gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy Star new grav'n in Heav'n,
 By which they knew the King of *I/rael* born,
 Just *Simeon* and Prophetick *Anna* warn'd 255
 By Vision found thee in the Temple, and spake
 Before the Altar and the vested Priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.
 This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260
 Concerning the Messiah, to our Scribes
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd Kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work Redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold !
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah and his way prepare.
 I as all others to his Baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above ; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heav'n) 276
 Me him whose Harbinger he was ; and first
 Refus'd on me his Baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won :
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a Dove ;
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd ; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,

I. Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. II

But openly begin, as best becomes
 The Authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.
 50 And now by some strong motion I am led 290
 Into this Wilderness, to what intent
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

55 So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side beheld 295
 A pathless Desert, dusk with horrid shades;
 The way he came not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by humane steps untrod:
 260 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come, 300
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such Solitude before choicest Society,
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill,
 265 Sometimes anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some antient Oak 305
 Or Cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in one Cave, is not reveal'd;
 Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt
 270 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild Beasts: They at his sight grew mild, 310
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
 The fiery Serpent fled, and noxious Worm,
 The Lion and fierce Tiger glar'd aloof.
 d But now an aged man in rural weeds,
 276 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray Ewe, 315
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a Winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from Field at Eve,
 280 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake. 320

285 Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In Troop or Caravan, for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His Carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drought. 325
 But I ask

12 PARADISIE REGAIN'D. Book I.

I ask the rather, and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seem'st the Man, whom late
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the Ford
 Of *Jordan* honour'd so, and call'd the Son
 Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
 Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come forth
 To Town or Village nigh (nigheft is far)
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
 What happ'ns new; Fame also finds us out. 334

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither
 Will bring me hence, no other Guide I seek.

By Miracle he may, reply'd the Swain,
 What other way I see not; for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
 More than the Camel, and to drink go far, 340
 Men to much misery and hardship born;
 But if thou be the Son of God, command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee Bread;
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
 With Food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
 Think'st thou such force in Bread; is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
 Man lives not by bread only but each Word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God? who fed 350
 Our Fathers here with Manna; in the Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
 And forty days *Elijah* without food
 Wandred this barren waste, the same I now:
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undisguis'd.
 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,
 Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,
 Kept not my happy Station, but was driven 360
 With them from blis to the bottomless deep,
 Ye

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 13

Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft
 Leaving my dolorous Prison I enjoy
 Large Liberty to round this Globe of Earth, 365
 Or range in th' Air; nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
 I came among the Sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands *Uzzaan Job*
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
 And when to all his Angels he propos'd
 To draw the proud King *Abab* into fraud,
 That he might fall in *Ramoth*, they demurring,
 I undertook that Office; and the tongues
 Of all his flattering Prophets glibb'd with lyes 375
 To his destruction, as I had in charge,
 For what he bids I do; though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
 To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385
 Thy Wisdom, and behold thy God-like deeds?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence, by them
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these Regions of the World,
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
 O't my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and wo.
 At first it may be; but long since with wo
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
 B That

14 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load;
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
This wounds me most (what can it less) that Man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more.

405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:
Deserv'dly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes
From the beginning, and in lyes wilt end;
Who boast'st it release from Hell, and leave to come
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'st indeed,
As a poor miserable captive thrall,

410

Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the Prime in Splendor, now depos'd,
Ej ected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn

415

To all the Host of Heav'n; the happy place
Imports to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.

420

But thou art serviceable to Heav'ns King:
Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous *Joh*, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions; but his patience won.

425

The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.

Yet thou pretend'st to truth? all Oracles

430

By thee are giv'n, and what confess more true
Among the Nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lyes.

But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?

435

Who ever by consulting at thy shrine

Return

Book I. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 15

Return the wiser, or the more instruct
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?
 For God hath justly giv'n the Nations up
 To thy Delusions, justly, since they felt
 Idolatrous ; but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his Providence 445
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
 But from him or his Angels president
 In ev'ry Province, who themselves disdaining
 T' approach thy Temple, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
 To thy Adorers ? thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning Parasite obey'it ;
 Then to thyself ascrib'ft the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd ;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
 The Gentiles ; henceforth Oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with Pomp and Sacrifice
 Shalt be inquir'd at *Delphos* or elsewhere,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his loving Oracle 460
 Into the World to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour ; but the subt'e Fiend, 465
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this Answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me ; where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more in stead to lye,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord ; 475

16 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book I.

From thee I can and must submit endure
 Check or reproof, and glad t'escape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,
 And tuneable as Silvan Pipe or Song; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictate from thy mouth? most men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, tho' I despair t'attain. 485
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,
 Suffers the Hypocrite or Atheous Priest
 To tread his Sacred Courts, and minister
 About his Altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
 To Balaam Reprobate, a Prophet yet
 Inspir'd; disd. in not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow,
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st 495
 Permission from above; thou can'st not more.

He added not; and Sat n bowing low
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
 Into thin Air diffus'd: for now began 500
 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
 The Desert, Fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
 And now wild Beasts came forth the Woods to roam.

The End of the First Book.



I.

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35.

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'Lightbody, saulp!



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.



MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yett
 remain'd
 At *Jordan* with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly
 call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high Authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and *Simon*, famous after known,
 With others, though in Holy Writ not nam'd,
 Now missing him their Joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
 Sometimes they thought he might only be shewn,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the Mount, and missing long; 15
 And the great *Thibite* who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
 Sought lost *Elijah*, so in each place these.

18 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Nigh to *Bethabara*; in *Jericho* 20
 The City of Palms, *Ænon*, and *Salem* old,
Machærus, and each Town or City wall'd
 On this side the broad lake *Genezaret*,
 Or in *Perea*, but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of *Jordan*, by a Creek, 25
 Where Winds with Reeds and Osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain Fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a Cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and complaints out-breath'd.
 Alas, from that high hope to what relapse 30
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our Eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our Fathers; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
 The Kingdom shall to *Israel* be restor'd:
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our Joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze:
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire 40
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation? God of *Israel*,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
 Behold the Kings of th' Earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what heighth their Pow'r unjust 45
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee; arise and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke:
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him 50
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In publick, and with him we have convers'd;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his Providence; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence:
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
 find whom at the first they found unsought :
 to his mother *Mary*, when she saw
 hers return'd from Baptism, not her Son,
 left at *Jordan*, tidings of him none ;
 thin her breast, though calm ; her breast, though pure,
 other cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 the troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad. 65

O what avails me now that honour high
 have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
 all highly favour'd, among Women blest ?
 while I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 and fears as eminent, above the lot
 of other Women, by the birth I bore ;
 such a season born when scarce a Shed
 could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 from the bleak air ; a Stable was our warmth,
 a Manger his, yet soon enforc'd to fly
 hence into *Egypt*, till the murd'rous King
 were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 with Infant-blood the streets of *Bethlehem* ;
 from *Egypt* home return'd, in *Nazareth*
 hath been our dwelling many years, his life
 private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 little suspicious to any King ; but now
 full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 by *John* the Baptist, and in publick shown,
 on own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice :
 look'd for some great change ; to Honour ? no,
 but trouble, as old *Simeon* plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in *Israel*, and to a sign
 spoken against, that through my very Soul
 A sword shall pierce ; this is my favour'd lot,
 My Exaltation to Afflictions high ;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;
 will not argue that, nor will repine.

But

But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself; but went about
 His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
 Since understood; much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus *Mary* pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
 The while her Son tracing the Desert wild,
 Sole, but with holiest Meditations fed,
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on Earth, and Mission high.
 For Satan with sly preface to return
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle Region of thick Air,
 Where all his Potentates in Council sat;
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Sollicitous and blank he thus began.

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones,
 Demonian Spirits now, from th' Element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
 Pow'rs of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats
 Without new troubles: such an Enemy
 Is risen to invade us, whom no less
 Threatens our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd,
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find

For other labour to be undergon
 Man when I dealt with *Adam* first of Men,
 Though *Adam* by his Wife's allurements fell,
 However to this Man inferior far, 135
 He be Man by Mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, Graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest Deeds.
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
 My success with *Eve* in Paradise
 Receive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Like succeeding here; I summon all
 Ther to be in readiness, with hand
 Counsel to assist; lest I who erst 145
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
 His command; when from amidst them rose
Satan, the dissolute Spirit that fell, 150
 The sensuallest, and, after *Asmodai*,
 The fleshliest Incubus; and thus advis'd.

Let women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Long daughters of men the fairest found;
 They are in each Region passing fair 155
 Like the noon Sky; more like to Goddesses
 Than mortal Creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Vert in am'rous Arts, enchanting Tongues
 Coactive, Virgin majesty with mild
 Sweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach, 160
 I'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Arts after them, tangl'd in amorous Nets.
 No object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
 Rest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Weave, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 Will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
 The Magnetic hardest Iron draws.

Women

Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest *Solomon*, and made him build,
And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd :
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self, because of old
Thou thy self doat'st on woman-kind, admiring
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the Flood thou with thy lusty Crew,
False-titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In Courts and Regal Chambers how thou lurk'dst,
In Wood or Grove by mossie Fountain side,
In Valley or green Meadow to way lay
Some Beauty rare, *Calisto*, *Clymene*,
Daphne, or *Semele*, *Antiope*,
Or *Amyone*, *Syrinx*, many more
Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, *Neptune*, *Jupiter*, or *Pan*,
Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan ? But these haunts
Delight not all ; among the Sons of Men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent ?
Remember that *Pelleas* Conqueror,
A Youth, who all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd ;
How he firnam'd of *Africa* dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair *Iberian* Maid.
For *Solomon*, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his State ;
Thence to the bait of Women lay expos'd :
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than *Solomon*, of more exalted mind,

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D.

23

ade and set wholly on th' accomplishment
greatest things ; what Woman will you find,
ough of this age the wonder and the fame,
whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
fond desire ? or should she confident,
fitting Queen adorn'd on Beauty's Throne,
scend with all her winning charms begirt
enamour, as the Zone of *Venus* once
rought that effect on *Jove*, so Fables tell ;
w would one look from his Majestick brow,
ted as on the top of *Virtue's* hill,
count'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
her array, her female pride deject,
turn to rev'rent awe ? for Beauty stands
h' admiration only of weak minds
l captive ; cease t' admire, and all her Plumes
flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
every sudden slighting quite abasht :
efore with manlier objects we must try
constancy, with such as have more shew
worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
ks whereon greatest Men have often wreck'd ;
that which only seems to satisfy
ful desires of Nature, not beyond.
now I know he hungers where no food
be found, in the wild Wilderness ;
rest commit to me, I shall let pass
advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

210

215

220

225

230

ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim :
n forthwith to him takes a chosen band
pirits likest to himself in guile
be at hand, and at his beck appear,
use were to unfold some active Scene
arious Persons each to know his part :
to the Desert takes with these his flight ;
re still from shade to shade the Son of God
forty days fasting had remain'd,
hungring first, and to himself thus said.

235

240

Where

Where will this end ? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wandring this woody Maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite ; that Fast
 To Virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here ; if Nature need not,
 Or God support Nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God
 Can satisfie that need some other way,
 Tho' hunger still remain : so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of Famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hungring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet ;
 He thought, he by the Brook of *Cherith* stood
 And saw the Ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to *Elijah* bringing even and morn,
 Tho' rav'nous, taught t'abstain from what they brought
 He saw the Prophet also how he fled
 Into the Defart, and how there he slept
 Under a Juniper ; then how awak'd,
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days ;
 Sometimes that with *Elijah* he partook,
 Or as a guest with *Daniel* at his Pulse,
 Thus wore out night, and now the Herald Lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his Song :

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 25

As lightly from his grassie couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream ;
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd,
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
 From whose high top to ken the Prospect round,
 If Cottage were in view, Sheep-cote or Herd ;
 But Cottage, Herd, or Sheep-cote none he saw,
 Only 'n a bottom saw a pleasant Grove,
 With chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud ; 290
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High roof't, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody Scene ;
 Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art 295
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood-Nymphs ; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 (Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in City, or Court, or Palace bred) 300
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,
 Of all things destitute, and, well I know, 305
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this Wilderness ;
 The fugitive Bond-woman with her Son,
 Out-cast *Nebaioth*, yet found here relief
 By a providing Angel ; all the race 310
 Of *Israel* here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heav'n Manna, and that Prophet bold
 Native of *Thebes* wandring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat ;
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus : What conclud'st thou hence ?
 They all had need, I as thou see'st have none.

C

How

26 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd;
 Tell me if Food were now before thee set, 320
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal, said the subtle Fiend?
 Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all Creatures by just right to thee 325
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
 But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
 Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
 To Idols, those young *Daniel* could refuse;
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
 Would scruple that, with want oppress? Behold
 Nature asham'd, or, better to express,
 Troubl'd that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the Elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord, 335
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream; for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A Table richly spread, in Regal mode, 340
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
 And savour, Beasts of chase, or Fowl of game,
 In Pastry-built, or from the spit, -or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all Fish from Sea or Shore,
 Freshet, or purling Brook, of shell or fin, 345
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus and *Lucrine Bay*, and *Afric Coast*.
 Alas, how simple, to these Cates compar'd.
 Was that crude Apple that diverted *Eve*!
 And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than *Ganymed* or *Hylas*; distant more
 Under the Trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
 Nymphs of *Diana's* train, and *Naiades* 355
 With

Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 27

With fruits and flow'rs from *Amalthea's* horn,
 And Ladies of th' *Hesperides*, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since
 Of Fairy Damsels met in forest wide
 By Knights of *Logres*, or of *Lyones*, 360
Lancelot, or *Pelleas*, or *Pellenore*.

And all the while harmonious *Airs* were heard
 Of chyming strings, or charming pipes; and winds
 Of gentlest gale *Arabian* odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and *Flora's* earliest smells. 365
 Such was the splendor; and the Tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to fit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
 Defends the touching of these Viands pure; 370
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are Spirits of Air, and Wood, and Springs,
 Thy gentle Ministers, who come to pay 375
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd:
 Saidst thou not, that to all things I had right?
 And who with-holds my pow'r that right to use? 380
 Shall I receive by gift, what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a Table in this Wilderness,
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant 385
 Array'd in Glory on my Cup t'attend.
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find,
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous Delicacies I contemn, 390
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

28 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent :
 That I have also pow'r to give, thou seest ;
 If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395
 And rather opportunely in this place
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need ;
 Why shouldst thou not accept it ? but I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect ;
 Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fetcht spoil. With that
 Both Table and Provisions vanish'd quire
 With sound of Harpies wings, and Talons heard ;
 Only the importune Tempter still remain'd,
 And with these Words his Temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other Creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd ;
 Thy temperance invincible besides ;
 For no allurements yields to appetite :
 And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
 High actions ; but wherewith to be atchiev'd ?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise.
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of Birth,
 A Carpenter thy Father known, thy self
 Bred up in poverty and streights at home, 415
 Lost in a Desert here, and hunger-bit :
 Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness ? whence Authority deriv'd ?
 What Followers, what Retinue canst thou gain,
 Or at thy heels the dizzy Multitude, 420
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost ?
 Money brings Honour, Friends, Conquest and Realms.
 What rais'd *Antipater* the Edomite,
 And his Son *Herod* plac'd on *Judah's* Throne,
 Thy Throne, but Gold that got him puissant Friends ?
 Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive, 426
 Get Riches first, get Wealth, and Treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me :
 Riches are mine, Fortune is in my hand ;

They

II. Book II. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 29

They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit and want.

395 To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd :
Yet Wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd ;
Witness those antient Empires of the Earth, 435
In height of all their flowing wealths dissolv'd :
But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;
Sideon and Jephtha, and the Shepherd Lad,
Whose Off-spring on the Throne of Judah sat 440
So many Ages, and shall yet regain
That Seat, and reign in *Israel* without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the World
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy Memorial) canst thou not remember 445
Quintus, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus ?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of Kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more ?
Exol not Riches then, the toyl of Fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge, 455
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and Realms ? yet not, for that a Crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal Diadem, 461
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies :
For therein stands the Office of a King,
His Honour, Virtue, Merit and chief Praise,
That for the Publick all this weight he bears. 465
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King ;

30 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book II.

Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains :
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
 Cities of men or head-strong multitudes, 470
 Subject himself to Anarchy within,
 Or lawless Passions in him, which he serves.
 But to guide Nations in the way of truth
 By saving Doctrine, and from error lead
 To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475
 Is yet more Kingly ; this attracts the Soul,
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part :
 That other o'er the body only reigns ;
 And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind
 So reigning, can be no sincere delight. 480
 Besides, to give a Kingdom hath been thought
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
 Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,
 And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485
 To gain a Scepter, ofttest better miss'd.

The End of the Second Book.



II.

470

475

480

485



Book III



L'Inightbody Sculpt.



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.



O spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift:
 At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus
 accosts. 6

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do:
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 Thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart 10
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Would Kings and Nations, from thy mouth consult,
 Thy Counsel would be as the Oracle
 Of *Urim* and *Thummim*, those oraculous gems
 Of *Aaron's* breast, or tongue of *Seers* old 15
 Infallible; or wert thou sought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Conduct would be such, that all the world

Could

32 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III

Could not sustain thy Prowess, or subsist
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.
 These God-like Virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage Wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All Earth her wonder at thy Acts, thyself
 The fame and glory; glory, the reward
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected Spirits, most temper'd pure
 Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest?
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
 Of *Macedonian Philip* had ere these
 Won *Asia*, and the Throne of *Cyrus* held
 At his dispose; young *Scipio* had brought down
 The *Carthaginian* pride, young *Pompey* quell'd
 The *Pontic* King, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great *Julius*, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: But thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For Empire's sake, nor Empire to affect
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument:
 For what is glory but the blaze of Fame,
 The Peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
 And what the People but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the praise?
 They praise and they admire they know not what;
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other:
 And what delight to be by such extol'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
 Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise?

III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 33

Not who dares be singularly good.
 Intelligent among them and the wise
 few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 His true glory and renown, when God
 60
 sings on th' Earth, with approbation marks
 Just man, and divulges him through Heav'n
 All his Angels, who with true applause
 Sing his praises; thus he did to *Job*,
 To extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth 65
 Thou to thy reproach mayst well remember)
 Ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant *Job*?
 Thus he was in Heav'n, on earth less known; -
 The glory is false glory, attributed
 Things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70
 Err, who count it glorious to subdue
 Conquest far and wide, to over-run
 The countries, and in field great Battles win,
 Cities by assault. What do these Worthies,
 Rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
 Noble Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
 The Captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their Conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin whereso'er they rove,
 All the flourishing works of peace destroy; 80
 Swell with Pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worship'd with Temple, Priest and Sacrifice;
 As the Son of *Jove*, of *Mars* the other,
 85
 Conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
 Living in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Deserving or shameful death their due reward?
 If there be in glory aught of good,
 May by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence; 90
 Seeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 Patience, temperance. I mention still
 Whom thy wrongs, with Saintly patience born,
 Are famous in a land and times obscure;
 Names not now with honour patient *Job*? 95
 Poor

34 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book

Poor *Socrates* (who next more memorable ?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd ; if young *African* for fame
 His wasted Country freed from *Punic* rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain Men seek
 Oft not deserv'd ? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
 Think not so slight of glory, therein least
 Resembling thy great Father : he seeks glory,
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs, not content in Heav'n
 By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption ;
 Above all Sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives
 Promiscuous from all Nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd ;
 From us his foes pronounc'd glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
 And reason ; since his word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable t' ev'ry soul
 Freely ; of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning what would likeliest render
 Contempt in stead, dishonour, obloquy ?
 Hard recompence, unsutable return

III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 35

much good, so much beneficence.
 Why should man seek glory? who of his own
 nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
 condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 For so many benefits receiv'd,
 And recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 Of all true good himself despoil'd;
 Sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
 Which to God alone of right belongs:
 Much bounty is in God, such grace,
 Who advance his glory, not their own,
 He himself to glory will advance.

Take the Son of God: and here again 145
 Had not to answer, but stood struck
 Guilt of his own sin; for he himself
 Able of glory had lost all:
 Of another Plea bethought him soon.

glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
 Worth or not worth their seeking, let it pass:
 To a Kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 Upon thy Father *David's* Throne,
 On other's side thy Father: though thy right
 Now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155
 From possession won with arms.

Now and all the promis'd land,
 Had a Province under *Roman* yoke,
 As *Tiberius*; nor is always rul'd
 To temp'rate sway; oft have they violated 160
 Temple, oft the Law with foul affronts,
 Executions rather, as did once

Jesus: and think'st thou to regain
 Right by sitting still, or thus retiring?
 Had not *Machabæus*: he indeed 165
 Had unto the Desert, but with arms;
 O'er a mighty King so oft prevail'd,
 By strong hand his Family obtain'd,
 Priests, the Crown, and *David's* Throne usurp'd,
 With

36 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book

With *Modin* and her suburbs once content.
 If Kingdom move thee not, let move thee Zeal
 And Duty ; Zeal and Duty are not flow,
 But on Occasion's forelock watchful waits ;
 They themselves rather are occasion best ;
 Zeal of thy Father's house, Duty to free
 Thy Country from her Heathen servitude ;
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verifie
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,
 The happier reign the sooner it begins :
 Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said :
 If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
 That it shall never end, so when begin
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first
 Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
 What I can suffer, how obey ? Who best
 Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first
 Well hath obey'd ; just trial ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end.
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting Kingdom, why art thou
 Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition ?
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction ?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd :
 Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace ; what worse ?
 For where no hope is left, is left no fear ;

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 37

If there be worse, the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
 I would be at the worst ; worst is my Port,
 My harbour and my ultimate repose, 210
 The end I would attain, my final good.
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime : whatever, for it self condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd ; whether thou
 Reign or reign not ; though to that gentle brow 215
 Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,
 (Whose ire I dread more than the Fire of Hell) 220
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their King ?
 Perhaps thou lingrest, in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprize so hazardous and high :
 No wonder ; for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider,
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the *Galilean* Towns,
 And once a-year *Jerusalem*, few days 234
 Short sojourn ; and what thence could'st thou observe ?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and Monarchs, and their radiant Courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest in sight
 In all things that to greatest Actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240
 Tim'rous and loth, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking Asses found a Kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous :
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit

38 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The Monarchies of th' Earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal Arts,
 And regal Mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a Mountain high.
 It was a Mountain, at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain, out-stretch'd in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255
 Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
 Fair Champain with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their Tribute to the Sea;
 Fertil of corn the glebe, of oil and wine, 259
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
 Huge Cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest Monarchs, and so large
 The Prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.
 To this high mountain's top the Tempter brought 265
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
Affyria and her Empire's ancient bounds, 270
Araxes and the *Caspian* lake, thence on
 As far as *Indus* East, *Euphrates* West,
 And oft beyond; to South the *Persian* Bay,
 And inaccessible th' *Arabian* drought:
 Here *Nineveh*, of length within her wall 275
 Sev'ral days journey, built by *Ninus* old,
 Of that first golden Monarchy the seat,
 And seat of *Salmanassar*, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
 There *Babylon* the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 39

As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
 245 *Judab* and all thy Father *David's* house
 Led captive, and *Jerusalem* laid waste,
 Till *Cyrus* set them free; *Persepolis*,
 His City, there thou seest, and *Bactra* there; 285
Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
 250 And *Hecatompylos* her hundred gates;
 There *Susa* by *Choaspes*, amber stream,
 The drink of none but Kings; of later fame
 Built by *Emathian* or by *Parthian* hands, 290
 The great *Seleucia*, *Nicibis*, and there
Artaxata, *Teredon*, *Ctesiphon*,
 255 Turning with easie eye thou mayst behold.
 All these the *Parthian*, now some Ages past,
 By great *Arfaces* led, who founded first 295
 That Empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious Kings of *Antioch* won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great Pow'r; for now the *Parthian* King
 In *Ctesiphon* hath gather'd all his Host 300
 Against the *Scythian*, whose Incurfions wild
 Have wasted *Sogdiana*; to her aid
 265 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what Martial-equipage
 They issue forth! steel bows, and shafts their arms, 305
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
 All Horsemen, in which fight they most excel:
 270 See how in warlike Muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings!
 He lookt and saw what numbers numberless 310
 The City-gates out-pour'd, light armed Troops
 275 In coats of Mail and Military pride;
 In Mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Trauncing their riders bore, the slow'r and choice
 Of many Provinces from bound to bound;
 280 From *Arachosia*, from *Gandaor* East,
 And *Margiana* to the *Hircanian* cliffs

40 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Of *Caucasus*, and dark *Iberian* dales,
 From *Atropatia* and the neighb'ring plains
 Of *Adiabene*, *Media*, and the South 320
 Of *Susiana*, to *Balsara's* haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight, 325
 The field, all Iron, cast a gleaming brown,
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
 Chariots or Elephants endorst with Tow'rs
 Of Archers, nor of lab'ring Pioneers, 330
 A multitude with Spades and Axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Mules after these, Camels and Dromedaries, 335
 And Waggon's fraught with Utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a Camp,
 When *Agrican* with all his Northern pow'rs
 Besieg'd *Albracca*, as Romances tell,
 The City of *Gallaphrone*, from thence to win 340
 The fairest of her Sex *Angelica*,
 His daughter, fought by many prowest Knights,
 Both *Paynim*, and the Peers of *Charlemaine*.
 Such and so numerous was their Chivalry;
 At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd, 345
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark 350
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn
 All this fair sight: thy Kingdom though foretold,
 By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy Father *David* did,
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 41

In all things, and all men, supposes means ; 355
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But say thou wert possess'd of *David's* Throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or *Jew* ; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
 Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman, and *Parthian* ? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the *Parthian* first,
 By my advice, as nearer and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy 365
 Thy country, and captive lead away her Kings
Antigonus, and old *Hyrchanus* bound,
 Maugre the *Roman* : it shall be my task
 To render thee the *Parthian* at dispose ;
 Chuse which thou wilt by conquest or by league. 370
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstal thee
 In *David's* royal Seat, his true Successor,
 Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten Tribes
 Whose off-spring in his Territory yet serve 375
 In *Habor*, and among the *Medes* dispers'd.
 Ten Sons of *Jacob*, two of *Joseph*, lost
 Thus long from *Israel* ; serving, as of old
 Their Fathers in the land of *Egypt* serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the Throne of *David* in full glory,
 From *Egypt* to *Euphrates*, and beyond
 Shalt reign, and *Rome* or *Cæsar* not need fear: 385

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou'lt set ; and in my ear
 Vented much policy, and projects deep

42 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book III.

Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
 Plausible to the World, to me worth naught.
 Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the Throne : 395
 My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come ;
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeav'ring, or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of War there shewn me, argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.
 My Brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten Tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full Scepter sway 405
 To just extent over all *Israel's* Sons.
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For *Israel*, or for *David*, or his Throne,
 When thou stood'st up his Tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring *Israel*, which cost the lives 410
 Of three score and ten thousand *Israelites*
 By three days Pestilence ? such was thy zeal
 To *Israel* then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive Tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From God to worship Calves, the Deities
 Of *Egypt*, *Baal* next and *Astaroath* ;
 And all th' Idolatries of Heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes ;
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their Fore-fathers ; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by Circumcision vain, 425
 And God with Idols in their Worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed, as to their ancient Patrimony,
 Unhumbld, unrepentant, unreform'd,

Head.

Book III. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 43

adlong wou'd follow ; and to their Gods perhaps
Bethel and of *Dan* ? no, let them serve 431

their enemies, who serve Idols with God.

At length, time to himself best known,

remembering *Abraham*, by some wondrous call

may bring them back repentant and sincere, 435

And at their passing cleave th' *Assyrian* flood,

While to their native land with joy they haste;

Through the Red Sea and *Jordan* once he cleft,

When to the promis'd land their Fathers pass'd;

To his due time and providence I leave them. 440

So spake *Israel's* true King ; and to the Fiend

made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.

He fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

The End of the Third Book.



PARADISE REGAIN'D

BOOK IV.



Erplex'd and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what
reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from
hope

So oft, and the persuasive Rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on *Eve*,
So little here, nay lost; but *Eve* was *Eve*,
This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with or his own:
But as a man who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for very spight
Still will be tempting him who foys him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more:
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time;
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, th'assault renew,



Whitely, Ralph.

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Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 45

ain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end ; 20

Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 let ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 et gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
 nd his vain importunity pursues.

le brought our Saviour to the western side 25

f that high mountain, whence he might behold
 nother plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
 ash'd by the Southern Sea, and on the North
 o equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
 hat screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men 30

rom cold *Septentrion* blasts, thence in the midst

ivided by a river, of whose banks

n each side an Imperial City stood,

With Tow'rs and Temples proudly elevate

n sev'n small Hills, with Palaces adorn'd, 35

orches and Theatres, Baths, Aqueducts,

statues and Trophies, and Triumphal Arcs,

Gardens and Groves presented to his eyes,

bove the height of Mountains interpos'd.

y what strange Parallax or Optick skill 40

Of Vision multiply'd through air, or Glas

Of Telescope, were curious to enquire :

And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The City which thou seest no other deem

Than great and glorious *Rome*, Queen of the Earth 45

o far renown'd, and with the spoils enricht

Of Nations : there the Capitol thou seest

Above the rest lifting his stately head

On the *Tarpeian* Rock, her Cittadel

mpregnable ; and there Mount *Palatine* 50

Th' Imperial Palace, compass huge and high

The Structure, skill of noblest Architects,

With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,

Turrets and Terrasses, and glitt'ring Spires.

Many a fair Edifice besides, more like 53

Houses of Gods, (so well I have dispos'd

My

My airy Microscope) thou may'st behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd Artificers
 In Cedar, Marble, Ivory or Gold.
 Thence to the Gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
 Pretors, Proconsuls to their Provinces
 Hastening or on return, in robes of State;
 Licitors and rods the ensigns of their pow'r,
 Legions and Cohorts, turmes of horse, and wings;
 Or Embassies from Regions far remote
 In various habits on the *Appian* road,
 Or on th' *Emilian*; some from farthest South,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe Nilotic Isle, and more to West,
 The Realm of *Bocchus* to the Black-moor Sea;
 From th' *Asian* Kings and *Parthian* among these,
 From *India* and the golden *Chersones*,
 And utmost *Indian Isle Taprobane*,
 Dusk faces with white filken Turbants wreath'd;
 From *Gallia*, *Gades*, and the *British* West,
Germans and *Scythians*, and *Sarmatians* North
 Beyond *Danubius* to the *Tauric* Pool.
 All Nations now to *Rome* obedience pay,
 To *Rome's* great Emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample Territory, Wealth and Pow'r,
 Civility of Manners, Arts and Arms,
 And long Renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the *Parthian*; these two Thrones except,
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty Kings too far remov'd:
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
 The Kingdoms of the World, and all their glory.
 This Emp'rour hath no Son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from *Rome* retir'd
 To *Caprea*, an Island small but strong
 On the *Campanian* shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 47

submitting to a wicked Favourite 95
 publick cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 of all, and hating: With what ease,
 w'd with Regal Virtues as thou art,
 bearing and beginning noble needs,
 might'st thou expel this Monster from his Throne, 100
 w made a stye, and in his place ascending,
 victor people free from servile yoke?
 with my help thou may'st; to me the pow'r
 giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
 therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 at the highest; without the highest attain'd
 will be for thee no sitting, or not long
 David's Throne, be prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 doth this grandeur and majestick show 110
 luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 e than of Arms before, allure mine eye,
 h less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 ir sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 Citron tables or *Atlantic* stone, 115
 I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 ir wines of *Setia*, *Cales*, and *Falerne*,
 y and *Crete*, and how they quaff in Gold,
 tal and Myrrhine cups imbois'd with Gems
 studs of Pearl, to me shou'd'st tell, who thirst 120
 hunger still: then Embassies thou shew'st
 n Nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 any hollow compliments and lies,
 andish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125
 'Emperor, how easily subdu'd,
 gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
 utish monster: what if I withal
 a Devil who first made him such?
 his tormenter Conscience find him out; 130
 him I was not sent, nor yet to free

That

48 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV

That People, victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal ; who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the Nations under yoke,
 Peeling their Provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine ; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity ;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily Scene effeminate.
 What wise and valiant Man would seek to free
 These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free ?
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On *David's Throne*, it shall be like a Tree,
 Spreading and overshad'wing all the Earth,
 Or as a Stone that shall to pieces dash
 All Monarchies besides throughout the World ;
 And of my Kingdom there shall be no end :
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd :
 I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st :
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict.
 On th' other side, know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem,
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought ;
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The Kingdoms of the World to thee I give ;
 (For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle ;) yet with this reserve, not else
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior Lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me :
 For what can less so great a gift deserye ?

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 49

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain. 170
 never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
 now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 such abominable terms, impious condition:
 that I endure the time, till which expir'd,
 thou hast permission on me. It is written, 175
 the first of all Commandments, Thou shalt worship
 the Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
 and dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 to worship thee accurst, now more accurst
 for this attempt, bolder than that of *Eve*, 180
 and more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
 the Kingdoms of the World to thee were giv'n,
 permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
 other donation none thou canst produce:
 giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings, 185
 God over all Supreme? if giv'n to thee,
 by thee how fairly is the Giver now
 repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
 long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 to offer them to me the Son of God, 190
 to me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 that I fall down and worship thee as God?
 set thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
 that evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend, with fear abasht, reply'd: 195
 not so sore offended, Son of God,
 (Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men)
 I to try whether in higher sort
 than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 what both from Men and Angels I receive, 200
 patriarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 stations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
 Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
 to me so fatal, me it most concerns.

E

205
The

50 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV

The trial hath endamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The Kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
 Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thy self seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly Crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute;
 As by that early action may be judg'd,
 When slipping from thy Mother's eye thou went'st
 Alone into the Temple; there wast found
 Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
 On points and questions sitting *Moses' Chair*,
 Teaching not taught; the childhood shews the man,
 As morning shews the day. Be famous then
 By wisdom; as thy Empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
 All knowledge is not couch'd in *Moses' Law*,
 The *Pentateuch*, or what the Prophets wrote;
 The *Gentiles* also know, and write, and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;
 And with the *Gentiles* much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st;
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their Idolisms, Traditions, Paradoxes?
 Errors by his own arm is best evinc'd.
 Look once more ere we leave this specular Mount
 Westward, much nearer by South-west, behold
 Where on th' *Aegtan* shore a City stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of *Greece*, Mother of Arts
 And Eloquence, native to famous wits,
 Or hospitable; in her sweet recess,
 City or Suburban, studious walks and shades:

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 51

e there the Olive Grove of *Academe*,
 ato's retirement, where the *Attic* Bird 245
 fills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long;
 here flow'ry hill *Hymettus*, with the sound
 210 of Bees industrious murmur, oft invites
 to studious musing; there *Ilissus* rolls
 his whisp'ring stream. Within the walls then view 250
 the Schools of ancient Sages; his, who bred
 great *Alexander* to subdue the World,
 215 *Aecum* there, and painted *Stoa* next:
 here thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
 of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
 by voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Colian Charms and *Dorian* Lyric Odes;
 and his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 and *Melesigenes*, thence *Homer* call'd,
 whose Poem *Phaebus* challeng'd for his own. 260
 thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught
Chorus or *Iambic*, teachers best
 220 of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
 brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 of fate and chance, and change in human life; 265
 high actions, and high passions best describing.
 thence to the famous Orators repair,
 230 whose ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 fielded at will that fierce Democratic,
 look th' Arsenal, and fulmin'd over *Greece* 270
 to *Macedon*, and *Artaxerxes's* Throne.
 to sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 240 from Heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
 of *Socrates*; see there his Tenement,
 whom well inspir'd the Oracle pronounc'd 275
 wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 pellissuous streams; that water'd all the Schools
 of Academies old and new; with those
 250 nam'd *Peripateticks*, and the Sect
Picurean, and the *Stoic* severe. 280
 these here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 E 2 Till

52 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV.

Till time mature thee to a Kingdom's weight ;
These rules will render thee a King compleat
Within thy self, much more with Empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.
Think not, but that I know these things, or think
I know them not ; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought ; he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other Doctrine needs, though granted true :
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew ;
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits ;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense ;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life ;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease :
The Stoic last in Philosophick pride,
By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life ;
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can :
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas what can they teach, and not mis-lead ;
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending ?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry ;
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none ;
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortunate and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these

True

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 53

True wisdom, finds her not; or by delusion
 Or worse, her false resemblance only meets 320
 In empty cloud. However many books,
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
 Excessantly, and to his reading brings not
 Spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek) 325
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
 Rude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;—
 As Children gath'ring pebbles on the shore. 330
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With Musick or with Poem, where so soon
 As in our native Language can I find
 That solace? All our Law and Story strew'd
 With Hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew Songs and Harps, in *Babylon*, 336
 That pleas'd so well our Victors ear, declare
 That rather *Greece* from us these arts deriv'd;
 All imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their Deities, and their own 340
 In Fable, Hymn, or Song; so personating
 Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling Epithets, thick laid
 As varnish on a Harlot's cheek; the rest,
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With *Sion's* songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints:
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee; 350
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
 Their Orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of Eloquence; Statists indeed,
 And lovers of their Country, as may seem; 355
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,

54 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV

As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil Government,
In their Majestic unaffected style,
Than all the Oratory of *Greece* and *Rome*.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt
What makes a Nation happy, and keeps it so;
What ruins Kingdoms, and lays Cities flat:
These only with our Law best form a King.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent):
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor Empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative,
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What dost thou in this world? the Wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee: yet remember
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which wou'd have set thee in short time with ease
On *David's* Throne, or Throne of all the world;
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season
When Prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heav'n,
Or Heav'n write aught of Fate, by what the Stars
Voluminous, or single Characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrow and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death:
A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric, I discern not,
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixt
Directs me in the Starry Rubric ter.

IV. Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 55

So saying he took, (for still he knew his Pow'r
 Not yet expir'd) and to the Wilderness 395
 brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 reigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night,
 Her shad'wy off-spring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation meer of light and absent day. 400
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind,
 After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd fore,
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
 Wherever under some concourse of shades, 404
 Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head ;
 But shelter'd slept in vain; for at his head
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep; and either Tropic now 410
 Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Pierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd : nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the World, and fell 415
 On the vast Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
 Or torn up sheer : ill wast thou shrouded then, 420
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst
 Unshaken : nor yet staid the terror there ;
 Infernal Ghosts, and Hellish Furies, round
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou 425
 St'ist unappal'd in calm and sinless Peace.
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
 Came forth with Pilgrim steps in amice gray ;
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds, 430
 And grisly Spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd,
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And

56 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV

And now the Sun with more effectual beams
 Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now beheld more fresh and green, 435
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
 The Prince of darkness; glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
 And mad despight to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a Sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the North and West by a thick wood;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
 After a dismal night; I heard the rack
 As Earth and Sky would mingle; but my self
 Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,
 As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n, 455
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone:
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460
 On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore signifie, and threaten ill.
 This Tempest at this Desert most was bent;
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st. 465
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 57

To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 Till to the push of Fate? pursue thy way 470
 In gaining *David's* Throne no man knows when,
 Or both the when and how is no where told)
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
 For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done, 475
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 Thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 That I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of *Israel's* Scepter get fast hold; 480
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 Many terrors, voices, prodigies
 May warn thee as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he; while the Son of God went on
 And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;
 Never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh: what they can do as signs
 Bode no'ning, or ill boding. I contemn 490
 Those false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Notrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
 Ambitious spirit, and woud'st be thought my God, 495
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie
 Me to thy will; desist (thou art discern'd
 And toil'st in vain) nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd:
 When hear, O Son of *David*, Virgin-born, 500
 Or Son of God to me is yet in doubt)
 The Messiah I have heard foretold
 All the Prophets; of thy birth at length
 Announc'd

58 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV

Announc'd by *Gabriel* with the first I knew,
 And of th' Angelic Song in *Bethlehem* field,
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born :
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred ;
 Till at the Ford of *Jordan*, whither all
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense :
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am ; relation stands :
 All men are Sons of God ; yet thee I thought
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild ;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my Adversary, who
 And what he is ; his wisdom, pow'r, intent ;
 By parl, or composition, truce or league
 To win him, or win from him what I can.
 An opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee ; and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation as a rock
 Of Adamant, and as a Center, firm,
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more ; for Honours, Riches, Kingdoms, Glory
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again.
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,
 Another method I must now begin.

IV. Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 59

500 So saying, he caught him up, and without Wing,
Hippogris, bore through the Air sublime
 er the Wilderness and o'er the Plain;
 underneath them fair *Jerusalem*,
 e holy City lifted high her Tow'rs, 545
 510 d higher yet the glorious Temple rear'd
 r Pile, far off appearing like a Mount
 Alabaster, topt with Golden Spires:
 ere on the highest Pinnacle he set
 e Son of God; and added thus in Scorn. 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
 ll ask thee Skill; I to thy Father's House
 ve brought thee, and highest plac'd; highest is best.
 w shew thy Progeny; if not to stand,
 520 t thyself down; safely, if Son of God: 555
 it is written, He will give Command
 cerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
 ey shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 ou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

530 To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written, 560
 npt not the Lord thy God: he said and stood.
 Satan smitten with Amazement fell.
 when Earth's Son *Antæus* (to compare
 540 ll things with greatest) in *Irassa* strove
 h *Jove's Alcides*, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
 eiving from his mother Earth new strength,
 h from his fall and fiercer grapple join'd,
 ottled at length in th' Air expir'd and fell:
 550 after many a foil the Tempter proud,
 ewing fresh Assaults amidst his pride 570
 whence he stood to see his Victor fall,
 as that *Theban* monster that propos'd
 riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
 560 at once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
 t her self headlong from th' *Ismenian* steep; 575
 So

60 PARADISE REGAIN'D. Book IV

So strook with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
 And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless Triumphals of his hop'd success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
 So Satan fell; and straight a fiery Glöbe
 Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy Vans receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasie station, and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe Air;
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of Celestial Food, Divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the Tree of Life,
 And from the fount of Life Ambrosial drink,
 That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst; and as he fed, Angelic Choirs
 Sung Heav'nly Anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the tempter proud.

True Image of the Father, whether thron'd
 In the bosom of blis, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, enshrin'd
 In fleshy Tabernacle, and human form,
 Wand'ring the Wilderness, whatever place,
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with God-like force indu'd
 Against th' Attempter of thy Father's Throne
 And Thief of Paradise; him long of old
 Thou didst deluge, and down from Heaven cast
 With all his Army; now thou hast aveng'd
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot
 In paradise to tempt? his snares are broke.
 For though that seat of earthly blis be fail'd,

Book IV. PARADISE REGAIN'D. 61

A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For *Adam* and his chosen Sons, whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to re-instal, 615
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of Tempter and Temptation without fear.
 But thou, Infernal Serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the Clouds ; like an Autumnal Star,
 Or Lightning, thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
 Under his feet : for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
 By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
 No triumph: in all her Gates *Abaddon* rues
 Thy bold attempt ; hereafter learn with awe 625
 To dread the Son of God : he all unarm'd
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy Demoniack holds, possession foul,
 Thee and thy Legions ; yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of Swine, 630
 Lest he command them down into the deep,
 Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
 Hail Son of the most High, heir of both Worlds,
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
 Sung Victor, and from Heav'nly Feast refresh'd
 Brought on his way with joy ; he unobserv'd
 Home to his Mother's house private return'd.

T H E E N D.





1st Lightbody sculp.



Samson Agonistes.

A

Dramatick Poem.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγῳδία μίμνησι; πρῶτος ἀνέδρα, &c.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seræ, &c. per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium afflictam lustrationem.





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that sort of Dramatick Poem which is
call'd Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper, and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those Passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so Physick things of melancholick hue and quality are against Melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove Humours. Hence Philosophers, and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, and others, frequently cite of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle *St. Paul* himself thought it not worthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of his Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, in Acts, distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Spirits, and Son between. Heretofore Men in highest civility have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Empire. *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but was unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinish'd. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some

thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitled *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poet's error of intermixing Comick stuff with Tragick sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar Persons, which by a judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; That *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem with good reason, the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and Fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the *Greeks* *Monostrophick*, or rather *Apoleymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, or *Epod*, which were kind of Stanzas fram'd only for the Musick, then us'd with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into Stanzas or Pauses, they may be call'd *Allæostropha*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage, (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produced beyond the fifth Act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or simple, (which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, and disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude)

tude and decorum) they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragick Poets unequall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.





The ARGUMENT.



SAMSON made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house ; on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place high, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can ; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom ; and lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistines as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption ; who in the mean while is visited by other persons ; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence : he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come ; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remain

THE ARGUMENT.

Remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope,
procure ere long his Son's deliverance: in the midst of
which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at
first, and afterward more distinctly relating to him the
catastrophe, what Sampson had done to the Philistines,
and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.





The Persons.

Sampson.

Manoa, *The Father of Samson.*

Dalila *his Wife.*

Harapha *of Gath.*

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.



5 Basic Acts

Samson Agonistes.

Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun
or shade :

There I am wont to sit, when any
chance

ieves me from my task of servile toil, 5

ly in the common Prison else enjoin'd me ;

ere I a Pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw

e Air imprison'd also, close and damp,

wholesome draught : but here I feel amends,

e breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet, 10

th day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.

is day a solemn Feast the people hold

Dagon their Sea-Idol, and forbid

orious works ; unwillingly this rest

eir Superstition yields me : hence with leave 15

ring from the pop'lar noise, I seek

is unfrequented Place to find some ease,

to the body some, none to the mind

om restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm

hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20

rush upon me thronging, and present

Times

Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
 Twice by an Angel; who at last in fight
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His God-like presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd,
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my Eyes put out,
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task,
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
 Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
 Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke.
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine Prediction: what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but my self;
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a Woman must reveal it,
 O'ercome with importunity and tears?
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

73

But Peace, I must not quarrel with the will

60

Of highest dispensation, which herein

Haply had ends above my reach to know:

Suffices that to me strength is my bane,

And proves the source of all my miseries?

So many, and so huge, that each apart

65

Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!

Blind among Enemies! O worse than chains,

Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit Age!

Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,

70

And all her various objects of delight

Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,

Inferior to the vilest now become

Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:

They creep, yet see; I dark in light expos'd

75

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,

Within doors, or without, still as a fool,

In pow'r of others, never in my own;

Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,

80

Irrevocably dark, total Eclipse

Without all hope of day!

O first created Beam, and thou great Word,

Let there be light, and light was over all;

Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?

85

The Sun to me is dark,

And silent as the moon,

When she deserts the night,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Since Light so necessary is to life,

90

And almost life itself, if it be true

That light is in the Soul,

She all in ev'ry part; why was the light

To such a tender ball as th'eye confin'd,

So obvious and so easie to be quench'd;

95

And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,

That she might look at will through ev'ry pore?

Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light;
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
 My self, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave!
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of Life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhumane foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult;
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

death
 death

Nav. History

Chor. This, this is he; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him.
 O change beyond report, thought or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd,
 And by himself given over;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd:
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That Heroick, that Renown'd,
 Irresistible *Samson*; whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-
 Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,
 Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,
 And weaponless himself,
 Made Arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean Proof?

But

SAMSON AGONISTES.

75

But safest he who stood aloof, 135
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Ascalonite*
 Fled from his Lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel ; 140
 Or grov'ling foil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flow'r of *Palestin*,
 In *Ramath-lechi*, famous to this day : 145
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore
 The Gates of *Azza*, Post and massie Bar,
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, seat of Giants old,
 No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so ;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n. 150
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy Bondage or lost Sight,
 Prison within Prison
 Inseparably dark ?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !) 155
 The Dungeon of thyself ; thy Soul
 (Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause complain'd)
 Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light 160
 T' incorporate with gloomy night ;
 For inward light, alas !
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd ! 165
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high estate, 170
 Whom long descent of birth,
 Or the sphere of fortune raises ;

G 2

But

But thee, whose strength, while Virtue was her mate,
Might have subdu'd the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

Samf. I hear the sound of words ; their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed, ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He spake: let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The g'ory late of *Israel*, now the grief,
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown, 180
From *Eshtaoi* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale
To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores : apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind, 185
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Samf. Your coming, Friends, revives me ; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are, who friends
Bear in their Supercription ; (of the most 190
I wou'd be understood ;) in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round ;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me, 195
Blindness ; for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd
My Vessel, trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool ! have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman ? tell me, Friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
In ev'ry street ? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts ? yet why ? 205
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean :

This

SAMSON AGONISTES.

77

his with the other should, at least, have pair'd;
these two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal: wisest men 210

have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd;

and shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.

reject not then so overmuch thyself,

Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.

yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215

Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* Woman rather

than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair;

at least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Samf. The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd

me, not my Parents, that I sought to wed 220

The daughter of an Infidel: they knew not

that what I mention'd was of God; I knew

from intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd

The marriage on; that by occasion hence

might begin *Israel's* Deliverance, 225

The work to which I was divinely call'd.

she proving false, the next I took to Wife

O that I never had! fond wish too late!

Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,

That specious Monster, my accomplish'd snare. 230

I thought it lawful from my former act,

And the same end; still watching to oppress

Israel's Oppressors: of what now I suffer

she was not the prime cause, but I myself, 234

Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness!)

Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke

The *Philistin*, thy Country's Enemy,

Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:

Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons. 240

Samf. That fault I take not on me, but transfer

On *Israel's* Governors, and Heads of Tribes ;
 Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliv'rance offer'd : I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds ;
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice ; till at length
 Their Lords the *Philistins* with gather'd pow'rs
 Enter'd *Judea* seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them what advantag'd best,
 Mean while the men of *Judah*, to prevent
 The harrafs of their Land, beset me round ;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,
 Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threads
 Toucht with the flame : on their whole Host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon sell'd
 Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the tow'rs of *Gath*,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve :
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love Bondage more than Liberty,
 Bondage with ease than strenuous Liberty ;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As their Deliv'rer ; if he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*

Their

SAMSON AGONISTES.

79

Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless *Gideon*, in pursuit 280
Of *Madian* and her vanquish'd Kings:
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*, 285
Had not his Prowess quell'd their pride
In that fore battle, when so many dy'd,
Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Samf. Of such examples add me to the roll ; 290
We easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
and justifiable to Men ;

Unless there be who think not God at all ; 295
If any be, they walk obscure :
For of such Doctrine never was there School,
But the heart of the Fool,
And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300
As to his own edicts found contradicting ;
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his Glory's diminution ;
Still by their own perplexities involv'd,
They ravel more, still less resolv'd, 305
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right t'exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From National obstriction, without taint

Of

80 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Of sin, or legal debt ;
For with his own Laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his People free,
Have prompted this Heroick *Nazarite*
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see ! here comes thy rev'rend Sire
With careful step, Locks white as down,
Old *Mana* : advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Samf. Ah me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, (for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place ;) if old respect,
As I suppose, tow'rd your once glory'd friend,
My Son, now Captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age,
Came lagging after ; say, if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change ! is this the man,
That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd,
The dread of *Israel's* foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,

one off'ring fight; who single combatant
sell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array, 345
himself an Army; now unequal match

cf. Lear

save himself against a coward arm'd
one spear's length? O ever-failing trust
mortal strength! and oh! what not in man
receivable and vain? Nay, what thing good 350
pay'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?

pay'd for Children, and thought barrenness
wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
such a Son, as all men hail'd me happy;
who would be now a Father in my stead? 355
wherefore did God grant me my request,
and as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?

Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
my earnest Pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind? 360
for this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
gain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant;
holy and Sacred, Glorious for a while,

the miracle of men; then in an hour
snar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
my Foes derision, Captive, Poor and Blind,
to a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
as! methinks whom God hath chosen once
worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,

should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
subject him to so foul indignities,
but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Samf. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
justly: I my self have brought them on, 375

the Author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
the mystery of God, giv'n me under pledge
vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380
This

This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience; did not she
 Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of Nuptial love profess'd, carrying it streight
 To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
 And Rivals? In this other was there found
 More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
 Her spurious first born, Treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
 She thought to make me Traitor to my self;
 Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,
 With blandisht parleys, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart;
 Who, with a grain of manhood well resolv'd,
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
 Her bond-slave; O indignity! O blot
 To Honour and Religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,

that saw not how degen'rately I serv'd.

underestimate?

Man. I cannot praise thy Marriage-choices, Son, 420
 rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead
 divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 find some occasion to infect our Foes.

state not that ; this I am sure, our Foes
 found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
 their Captive, and their Triumph ; thou the sooner
 temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 to violate the sacred trust of silence

deposited within thee ; which to have kept
 secret, was in thy pow'r : true, and thou bear'st 430
 enough, and more the burthen of that fault ;
 utterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 that rigid score. A worse thing yet remains :

this day the *Philistins* a pop'lar Feast
 here celebrate in *Gaza* ; and proclaim 435

great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 to *Dagon*, as their God, who hath deliver'd
 thee, *Samson*, bound and blind into their hands,
 whom out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.

Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God, 440
 besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
 glorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 by the Idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;

which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
 that all reproach the most with shame, that ever
 should have befall'n thee, and thy Father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 that I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 to *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high
 among the Heathen round ; to God have brought
honour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
 of Idolists, and Atheists ; have brought scandal
 to *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt

*be means
 becoming
 fool
 450 of
 these things.*

In

In feeble hearts propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off and join with Idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
 The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and *Dagon*: *Dagon* hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His Deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd;
 But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and thou
 I as a Prophecy receive; for God,
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his Name
 Against all competition; nor will long
 Endure it doubtful, whether God be Lord,
 Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some *Philistian* Lords, with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
 By pains and slav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Samf. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
 Of that sollicitation; let me here,
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,

Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front? But I
 God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully: A Sin
 That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn,
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

495

500

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son;
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids:
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thy self. Perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
 Who ever more approves, and more accepts
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
 Him, who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self displeas'd
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.
 Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy Country and his sacred House,
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
 His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

505

510

515

520

Samf. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
 With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof

525

H

Of

Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond
 The Sons of *Anack*, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God,
 I walk'd about, admir'd of all and dreaded 530
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful Concubine, who shorn me,
 Like a tame Wether, all my precious fleece;
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Strav'n and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing Ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour of the smell,
 Or taste, that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men, 545
 Allure thee from the cool Crystalline stream.

Samf. Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the Eastern ray, translucent, pure,
 With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
 I drank; from the clear milky juice allaying 550
 Thirst, and refresht; nor envy'd them the grape,
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
 His mighty Champion, strong above compare; 555
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

Sam. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not compleat
 Against another object more enticing?
 What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560
 And

And at another to let in the Foe,
 Effeminately vanquish'd & by which means,
 Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve
 My Nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd? 565
 But to sit idle on the Household-hearth,
 A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
 Or pity'd object; these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
 Vain monument of strength: till length of years 570
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs,
 To a contemptible old Age obscure.
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
 Till vermin or the draff of servile food
 Consume me, and oft invocated death 575
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve *Philistians* with that gift
 Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn. 580
 But God, who caus'd a Fountain at thy Pray'r
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
 After the brunt of Battel, can as easie
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast: 585
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength
 Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for nought,
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Samf. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend; 590
 That these dark Orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand;
 So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems 595
 In all her functions weary of her self;

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My race of Glory run, and race of Shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind, and humours black; 600
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a Father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

Samf. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind;
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
Though void of corporal sense!

My grief, not only pain me,
As a lingring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
Rankle, and fester, and gangreen,
To black mortification.
Thoughts, my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal Air from snowy *Alp.*
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing Opium, as my only cure; 630
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And

SAMSON AGONISTES.

89

And sense of Heav'ns desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by Heav'nly message twice descending. 635
Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies: 640

But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Lest me all helpless, with th' irreparable loss
Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645

The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless.

This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wise
In ancient and in-modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
All chances incident to man's frail life:

Consolatories writ
With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought.

But to th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune

Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above;
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
And fainting Spirits uphold.

H 3.

God

God of our Fathers! what is man!
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course, 670
 Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
 Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute!
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandring loose about, 675
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie.
 Heads without name no more remembred;
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
 To some great work, thy glory, 680
 And peoples safety, which in part they effect:
 Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon,
 Change'st thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
 Of highest favours, past 685
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high;
 Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
 O'st leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and prophane, their carcases
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
 Or to th' unjust tribunals under change of times, 695
 And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'll them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude old age: 700
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days; in fine,
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,

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91

r oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy strength and mighty Minister. 706
That do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in his state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land? 710
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately Ship
Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles 715
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Masts fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play;
An Amber scent of odorous perfume, 720
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem:
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than *Dalila* thy Wife. 724

Samf. My Wife! my Trait'refs! let her not come
[near me.]

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd.
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
Like a fair flow'r furcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem tears dissolv'd, 699
Wetting the borders of her silken veil: 730
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge: yet if tears 735
May expiate, (though the fact more evil drew

In

In the perverse event than I foresaw)
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt;
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 'To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r;
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samf. Out, out, *Hyæna*; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguill'd,
 With goodness principl'd not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samson*; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier tow'rds me, or thy hatred less.

granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 me, but incident to all our sex,
 curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
 secrets, then with like infirmity
 publish them ; both common female faults :
 is it not weakness also to make known
 importunity, that is, for nought,
 wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ? 780
 what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
 I to enemies reveal'd, and should not ;
 should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty :
 I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.
 weakness then with weakness come to parl, 785
 near related, or the same of kind,
 line forgive mine ; that men may censure thine
 gentler, if severely thou exact not
 strength from me, than in thyself was found.
 what if Love, which thou interpret'st Hate, 790
 jealousy of Love, powerful of sway,
 human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rd's thee,
 us'd what I did ? I saw thee mutable
 fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
 her at *Timna* ; sought by all means therefore 795
 to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :
 better way I saw than by importuning
 learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
 key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,
 then reveal'd ? I was assur'd by those 800
 who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 against thee but safe custody, and hold.
 that made for me, I knew that liberty
 would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 while I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
 bailing thy absence in my widow'd bed :
 ere I should still enjoy thee day and night
 me and Love's pris'ner, not the *Philistins*,
 sole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 careless at home of partners in my love. 810
 These

These reasons in Love's law have past for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel:
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samf. How cunningly the Sorcerers displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example;
 I led the way: bitter reproach, but true.
 I to myself was false, ere thou to me:
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it; weakness to resist.
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
 What Murtherer, what Traitor, Parricide,
 Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it;
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission.
 But Love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust: Love seeks t' have Love;
 My Love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning;
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;

SAMSON AGONISTES. 95

which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of Men,
 the constantest, t' have yielded without blame.
 was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 that wrought with me; thou know'st the Magistrates
 and Princes of my Country came in person, 851
 solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
 oblig'd by all the Bonds of civil Duty
 and of Religion, press'd how just it was,
 how honourable, how glorious to entrap 855
 my common enemy, who had destroy'd
 such numbers of our Nation: and the Priest
 was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 teaching how meritorious with the Gods
 it would be to ensnare an irreligious 860
 dishonourer of *Dagon*: what had I
 to oppose against such powerful Arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate?
 And combated in silence all their reasons
 with hard contest. At length that ground'd maxim,
 to rise and celebrated in their mouths 866
 of wisest men, that to the publick good
 private respects must yield, with grave authority
 took full possession of me, and prevail'd;
 virtue, as I thought, Truth, Duty so enjoining. 870

Samf. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
 feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.
 that had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 when, as it ought, sincere, it wou'd have taught thee
 for other reasonings, brought forth other deeds. 875
 before all the daughters of my Tribe
 and of my Nation chose thee from among
 my enemies; lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 so well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 not out of levity, but over pow'r'd 880
 thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 wilt thou at first receive me for thy Husband?

Then,

Then, as since then, thy country's foe profest?
 Being once a Wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own;
 Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations;
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our Country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;
 To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own Deity: Gods they cannot be;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Samf. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,
 Afford me place to shew what recompence
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thyself in vain: tho' sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights,
 At home in leisure and domestick ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which

SAMSON AGONISTES.

97

fight exposes daily men abroad.

to the Lords will intercede, not doubting

920

their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee

from forth this loathsome prison-house, t' abide

with me; where my redoubl'd love and care

with nursing diligence, to me glad office,

may ever tend about thee to old age,

925

with all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,

that what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

Samf. No, no, of my condition take no care;

fits not; thou and I long since are twain;

nor think me so unwary or accurst

930

bring my feet again into the snare

where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,

so' dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils:

thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms

no more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd; 935

much of Adder's wisdom I have learnt

to fence my ear against thy Sorceries.

In my flower of youth and strength, when all men

worshipp'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me

thy Husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me; 940

now would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby

perceivable, in most things as a child

helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,

and last neglected? How would'st thou insult,

when I must leave uxorious to thy will

945

perfect thralldom, how again betray me,

bringing my words and doings to the Lords,

gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?

As Goal I count the House of Liberty

thyne, whose Doors my feet shall never enter. 950

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samf. Not for thy life; lest fierce remembrance wake

sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.

I

At

At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
 Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives:
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To pray'rs than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.
 Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
 For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds,
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
 In *Dan*, in *Judab*, and the bordering Tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd:
 But in my country where I most desire,
 In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*
 I shall be nam'd among the famousfest
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs;
 Not less renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jaeh, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd.

Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The publick marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my country I was judg'd t'have shewn.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

995

Chor. She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Samf. So let her go ; God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety and my life.

1000

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange pow'r,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd ; nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

1005

Samf. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That Woman's love can win or long inherit ;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever Men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, *Samson*, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit :

1010

1015

If any of these or all, the *Timnian* Bride
Had not so soon prefer'd
Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy Bed,
Nor both so loosely disallay'd

1020

200 SAMSON AGONISTES

Their Nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal Harvest of thy Head.
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but oſteſt to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of ſelf-love mixt,
 Of conſtancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wiſeſt Men and beſt
 Seeming at firſt all, heav'nly under virgin Veil,
 Soft, modeſt, meek, demure;
 Once join'd, the contrary ſhe proves, a Thorn
 Inteſtine, war within deſenſive arms,
 A cleaving miſchief, in his way to virtue
 Adverſe and turbulent; or by her charms
 Draws him awry, enſlav'd
 With dotage, and his ſenſe deprav'd
 To folly and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What Pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck,
 Embark'd with ſuch a Steers-mate at the Helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n, who finds
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domeſtick good combines:
 Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:
 But virtue, which breaks through all oppoſition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Moſt ſhines, and moſt is acceptable above.

Therefore God's univerſal Law
 Gave to the Man deſpotick power
 Over his Female in due awe,
 Not from that right to part an hour,
 Smile ſhe or lower:

1025 So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or dismay'd. 1060
But we had best retire, I see a Storm.

Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

1030 *Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.]

Samf. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

1035 *Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied Words ; a rougher tongue 1066
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
Haughty, as is a pile high built and proud.
Comes he in Peace ? what wind hath blown him hither
less conjecture, than when first I saw 1071
The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way :
1040 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samf. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

1045 *Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives. 1075

Har. I come not, *Samyson*, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd,
As *Og* or *Anak*, and the *Emins* old 1080
That *Kariathaim* held ; thou knowst me now,
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place 1085
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
1055 Each other's force in Camp or list'd field :
And now am come to see of whom such noise

202 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

1099

Samf. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the Field, where thou art fam'd
T' have wrought such wonders with an Afs's Jaw;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms, 1099
Or left thy carcass where the Afs lay thrown:
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistin*
From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
'The highest name for valiant Acts; that honour 1101
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Samf. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What then thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand. 1105

Har. To combat with a blind Man I disdain;
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Samf. Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me, assassinated and betray'd;
Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs 1110
In fight withst-nd me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a Woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage-Faith, to circumvent me. 1115
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of brags, thy broad Habergeon, 1120
Vant-brags, and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear

A Wea-

A Weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield;
 I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
 Which long shall not with-hold me from thy head; 1125
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at *Gath*, to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
 Which greatest Heroes have in battle worn, 1130
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some Magician's Art,
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong; which thou from
 [Heav'n
 Feign'd at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair, 1135
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy Hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruff'd Porcupines.

Sam. I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
 At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy God, 1145
 Go to his Temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magick Spells,
 Which I to be the power of *Israel's* God 1150
 Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the test,
 Off'ring to combat thee his Champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine. 1155

Har.

Har. Presume not on thy God; whate'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee 1160
 Into the common Prison, there to grind
 Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else; no better service
 With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
 For Valour to assail, nor by the sword 1165
 Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the Barber's razor best subdu'd.

Samf. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine, or whom I with *Israel's* Sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

Samf. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me
 [these]

Har. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?
 Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
 As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed 1185
 Notorious murder on these thirty men
 At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm;
 Then like a Robber strip'dst them of their robes?

The

SAMSON AGONISTES. 205

The *Philistins*, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed pow'rs, thee only seeking, 1190
To others did no violence nor spoil.

1160 *Samf.* Among the Daughters of the *Philistins*
chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe ;
And in your City held my nuptial Feast :
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords, 1195
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty Spies ;
1165 Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the Bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,
1170 I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my Underminers in their coin.
My Nation was subjected to your Lords : 1205
It was the force of Conquest ; force with force
I well ejected when the Conquer'd can.
1175 But I a private person, whom my Country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single Rebellion, and did hostile Acts : 1210
I was no private person, but was rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
To free my Country ; if their servile minds
1180 To their deliverer sent would not receive,
But to their Masters gave me up for nought, 1215
Th' unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not disabl'd me, not all your force.
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant, 1220
1185 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
Is a petty enterprize of small enforce.

The *Har.* With thee, a Man condemn'd, a Slave enroll'd,
Due

206 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Due by the Law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

1225

Sams. Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

1230

Har. O *Baal-nebub*! can my ears unus'd
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Sams. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

1235

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sams. Go, baffl'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low;
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

1240

Har. By *Astaroth* ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries, in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

1245

Sams. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,
Tho' fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons,
All of Gigantick size, *Goliath* chief.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

1250

Samf. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd fight
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
 Whether he durst accept the offer or not : 1255
 And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
 Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;
 If they intend advantage of my labours,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With no small profit daily to my owners. 1261
 But come what will, my deadliest Foe will prove
 My speediest Friend, by death to rid me hence,
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh ! how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd ;
 When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannick pow'r, but raging to pursue 1275
 The righteous and all such as honour Truth !
 He all their Ammunition
 And feats of War defeats,
 With plain Heroick magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280
 Their Armories and Magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked ; who surpriz'd 1285
 Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,

Making

208 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Making them each his own Deliverer,
 And Victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
 Above the Sons of men; but fight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom Patience finally must crown.
 This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.

1290

1295

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind;
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look;
 By his habit I discern him now
 A publick Officer, and now at hand;
 His message will be short and voluble.

1300

1305

Off. *Hebrews*, the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say;
 This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast,
 With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp, and Games:
 Thy strength they know surpassing human race,
 And now some publick proof thereof require
 To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly.
 Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
 T' appear as fits before th' illustrious Lords.

1311

1315

Samf. Thou know'st I am an *Hebrew*, therefore tell
 Our Law forbids at their religious Rites
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

[them

1321

Off.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not Sword-players, and every sort
Of Gymnick Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimers, 1325
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more, 1339
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Samf. My self? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands,
Altho' their drudge, to be their fool or jester;
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god, 1340
The worst of all indignities, yet on me,
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay, is this thy resolution? 1344

Samf. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Samf. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, *Samson*; matters now are strain'd
Up to the heighth, whether to hold or break:
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
Thy

110 SAMSON AGONISTES.

Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355
After my great transgression; so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin,
By prostituting holy things to idols;
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their *Dagon*? 1360
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistini*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samf. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful, to deserve my food 1366
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Samf. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds;
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,
Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command: 1371
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy 1475
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee,
Present in Temples at idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my
reach.

SAMSON AGONISTES. III

Samf. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.
 With this messenger will go along,
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
 Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd; the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our Lords
 To thee I am bid say: Art thou our Slave,
 Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
 Or we shall find such Engines to assail
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
 Though thou art firmlier fastn'd than a Rock,

Samf. I could be well content to try their Art,
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious:
 Yet knowing their advantages too many,
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets
 Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
 Masters commands come with a power resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection:
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 So mutable are all the ways of men.)
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
 Scandalous, or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praise thy resolution, doff these links:
 By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren farewell; your company along
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with Friends; and how the fight 1415
 Of me as of a common Enemy,
 So dreaded once, may now exasperate them;
 I know not: Lords are Lordliest in their wine;
 And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
 With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd: 1420
 No less the People on their Holy-days
 Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
 Happ'n what may, of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
 Our God, our Law, my Nation or my self: 1425
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
 Of *Israel* be thy guide
 To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
 Great among the Heathen round; 1430
 Send the Angel of thy Birth to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy Father's field
 Rode up in flames, after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
 In the camp of *Dan*,
 Be efficacious in thee now at need:
 For never was from Heav'n imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen. 1440
 But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such haste
 With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
 He seems: supposing here to find his Son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my Son,
 By order of the Lords new parted hence

SAMSON AGONISTES.

113

To come and play before them at their Feast.
I heard all as I came ; the City rings,
And numbers thither flock : I had no will,
Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

1450

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee : say, Reverend Sire ; we thirst to hear. 1456

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone, and Father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my Son their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;
That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his priests :
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale : a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom was propos'd.
What noise or shout was that ? it tore the Skie:

1460

1465

1470

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting, to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown. 1475

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down : much rather I shall chuse
To live the poorest in my Tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him ;

1480

K 3

For

114 SAMSON AGONISTES.

For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all; 1486
Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490
And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd
With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And, I persuade me, God hath not permitted 1495
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garison'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him farther yet in some great service;
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love;
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what noise,
Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that,
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout! 1510

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd?
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point. 1515
Mar.

SAMSON AGONISTES. 115

Man. Of ruin indeed me-thought I heard the noise :
h! it continues ; they have slain my Son.

Chor. Thy Son is rather slaying them ; that outcry
from slaughter of one Foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;
That shall we do ? stay here, or run and see ? 1520

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither
Ye unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the *Philistins* is fall'n ;
from whom could else a general cry be heard ?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here ; 1525
from other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-sight (for to *Israel's* God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his Foes,
and over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ? 1530

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
for his people of old ; what hinders now ?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will ;
Yet hope would fain subscribe and tempts belief : 1535
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
for evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
an *Hebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe. 1540

Mass. O whither shall I run, or which way flee
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?

For

116 SAMSON AGONISTES.

For dire imagination still pursues me.
 But Providence, or instinct of Nature seems, 1545
 Or Reason, though disturb'd, and scarce consulted
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first, reverend *Manoa*, and to these
 My countrymen; whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550
 So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before thee
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
 No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth; But I recover breath
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter. 1556

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n;
 All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to *Israelites* not saddest
 The desolation of a hostile City. 1561

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom. *Mess.* By *Samson*. *Man.* That
 [still lessens
 The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah! *Manoa*, I refrain, too suddenly 1566
 To utter what will come at last too soon;
 Left evil tidings, with too rude irruption
 Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspence in news is torture; speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief, *Samson* is dead. 1571

Man. The worst indeed : O all my hopes defeated
 To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
 What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd,
 Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves 1575
 Abortive, as the first born bloom of Spring,
 Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's frost?
 Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
 How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.
 All by him fell thou say'st; by whom fell he? 1580
 What glorious hand gave *Samson* his death's wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence! what cause 1585
 brought him so soon at variance with himself
 Among his Foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause,
 At once both to destroy and be destroyed:
 The Edifice, where all were met to see him, 1590
 Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
 More than enough we know; but while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us if thou canst, 1595
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this City,
 And as the gates I enter'd with Sun-rise,
 The Morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd 1600
 Through

Through each high-street: little had I dispatch'd,
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious Theatre,
 Half-round, on two main Pillars vaulted high,
 With seats where all the Lords, and each degree
 Of sort, might sit in order to behold;

The other side was open, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand;
 I among those aloof obscurely stood.

The Feast and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
 When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was *Samson* as a publick servant brought,
 In their state Livery clad; before him Pipes
 And Timbrels; on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts, and Spears.

At sight of him the people with a shout
 Risted the Air, clamouring their god with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place; and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible stupendous force,
 None daring to appear Antagonist.

At length for intermission-sake they led him
 Between the Pillars; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)

As over-tir'd, to let him lean awhile
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars,
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He unsuspecting led him; which when *Samson*
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,

SAMSON AGONISTES.

119

And eyes fast fixt, He stood as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd; 1640
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud.

Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Nor without wonder or delight beheld:

Now of my own accord such other trial 1645

I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,

As with the force of winds and waters pent,

When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars 1650

With horrible confusion to and fro,

He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew

The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,

Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests, 1655

Their choice Nobility, and Flower, not only

Of this but each *Philistian* City round,

Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.

Samson with these inmixt, inevitably

Shall'd down the same destruction on himself; 1660

The vulgar only scap'd, who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!

Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd

The work for which thou wast foretold

To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious 1665

Among thy slain self-kill'd,

Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold

Of dire necessity; whole law in death conjoin'd

See with thy slaughter'd Foes, in number more

Than all thy life had slain before. 1670

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,

Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine,

And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,

Haunting their Idol, and preferring

Before

Before our living Dread, who dwells
 In *Silo*, his bright Sanctuary ;
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer:
 They only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves t'invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he, though blind of fight,
 Despis'd, and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue rous'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame ;
 And as ev'ning Dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts,
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatick Fowl ; but, as an Eagle,
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue giv'n for lost,
 Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd
 Like that self-begott'n Bird
 In the *Arabian* Woods embost,
 That no second knows, nor third,
 And lay ere while a Holocaust,
 From out her ashie womb now teem'd,
 Revives, re-flourishes, then vigorous most,
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular Bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,

Nor much more cause; *Samson* hath quit himself
 like *Samson*, and heroickly hath finish'd
 A life Heroick; on his Enemies
 fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor* 1715
 Through all *Philistian* bounds; to *Israel*
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
 To himself and Father's house eternal fame:
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this 1720
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breasts, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair, 1725
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the Body, where it lies
 Spak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clodded gore. I with what speed the while 1730
Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train
 Come to his Father's house: there will I build him 1735
 Monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm,
 With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
 A copious Legend, or sweet Lyrick Song.
 Whither shall all the valiant Youth resort, 1740
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high:
 The Virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice, 1745
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt

5

L

What

What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence *Gaza* mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent :
His Servant he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

T H E E N D.





P O E M S, &c.

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Compos'd at several Times.

By Mr. JOHN MILTON.

— *Baccare frontem*

agite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil. Eclog. 7.





L

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LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by Occasion foretels the Ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their Height.



ET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more

Ye myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,

And with forc'd fingers rude.

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compels me to disturb your season due ;

For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,

Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer :

Who would not sing for *Lycidas* ? he knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not stote upon his watry bier

L. 3

Unwept,

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat louder sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn;
And as she passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star, that rose at Ev'ning bright,
Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute;
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,
And all their ecchoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to their soft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When

When first the White-Thorn blows ;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas* ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream !
Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?
What could the Muse her self, that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair *Guerdon* when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life——But not the praise,
Phæbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears :
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies ;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove* :
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd floud,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
 That came in *Neptune's* plea;
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle Swain;
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds,
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory:
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious Bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe:
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake;
 Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bellies sake
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least

That

That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs !
 What reck's it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw ;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams ; Return, *Sicilian Muse*
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers.
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe Primrose, that forsaken dies,
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
 The white Pink and the Pansie freckt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise.
 Ah me ! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks tow'rd *Namanacas* and *Bayona's* hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more ;
 For *Lycidas*, your sorrow, is not dead ;
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous floud.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray ;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay.
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western Bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blue ;
 To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new,

L' Allegro.



1st Truth & Liberty



L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of *Cerberus* and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
 'Mongit horrid shapes, and shrieks, and fights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings ;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two Sister-Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore ;
 Or whether (as some Sages sing)
 The frolick Wind, that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on beds of Violets blue,
 And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair ;
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastick toe:
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give the honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in sight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine:
While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the Barn-door,
Stoutly struts his Dames before.
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of some Hoar Hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the plow-man near at hand
Whittles o'er the furrow'd Land,

And the Milkmaid finging blithe,
And the Mower whets his Scythe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the Landskip round it measures;
Ruffet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.

Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring Clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with Daisies pride,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide;
Towers and Battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring Eyes.
Hard by a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Oaks,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Herbs and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;
And then in haste her Bower she leaves,
With *Thesytis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earliest Season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd Shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holy-day,
Till the live-long Day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
M

How

How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat ;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by *Frier's* *Lanthorn* led ;
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* sweat,
To earn his *Cream-bowl* duly set,
When in one night 'ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the *Lubbar Fiend*,
And stretch'd out all the *Chimney's* length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first Cock his *Mattin* rings.
Thus done the *Tales*, to bed they creep,
By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of *Knights* and *Barons* bold,
In weeds of *Peace* high triumphs hold ;
With store of *Ladies*, whose bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
To win her *Grace*, whom all commend.
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In *Saffron* robe, with *Taper* clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique *Pageantry*,
Such sights as youthful *Poets* dream
On *Summer Eves* by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod *Stage* anon,
If *Johnson's* learned *Sock* be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespear*, fancy's child,
Warble his native *Wood-notes* wild ;
And ever against eating *Cares*
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting *Soul* may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout

Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony :
That *Orpheus*' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a Bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd *Eurydice*.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee I mean to live.





Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus'* train.
 But hail! thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail! divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'er-laid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memnon's* Sister might beseem;
 Or that starr'd *Ethiops* Queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended;
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore
 To solitary *Saturn* bore;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs, and glades,
 He met her, and in secret shades



L'Échelle de jaspé.

page. 130

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Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in robe of darkeſt grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And ſable ſtole of *Cypreſs* Lawn,
 Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
 With even-ſtep, and muſing gate,
 And looks commercing with the ſkies,
 Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
 Forget thyſelf to Marble, till
 With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
 Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet;
 Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muſes in a ring
 Ay round about *Jove's* Altar ſing;
 And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure.
 But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring
 Him, that yon ſoars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hiſt along;
 'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
 In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke
 Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd Oak:
 Sweet Bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
 Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
 The chauntreſs of the Woods among
 I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
 And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
 On the dry ſmooth-shaven Green,

To behold the wand'ring Moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way ;
 And o't, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground
 I hear the far off *Curfeu* sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.
 Or if the Air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belman's drowsie charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unspear
 The spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 Th' immortal Mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those *Dæmons*, that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebes* or *Pelops'* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine :
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,

Or

bid the Soul of *Orpheus* sing
each notes as, warbled to the string,
renew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
and made Hell grant what Love did seek ;
call up him that left half told
the story of *Cambuscan* bold,
of *Camball*, and of *Algarfise*,
and who had *Canace* to wife,
that own'd the virtuous Ring and Glass,
and of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
in which the *Tartar* King did ride ;
and if ought else, great *Bards* beside,
whose sage and solemn tunes have sung,
of Turnies and of Trophies hung ;
of Forests, and Inchantments drear,
where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
when all civil-suited Morn appear,
when the trickt and frounc't, as she was wont,
with the Att'ck Boy to hunt,
in her cherech'e't in a comely Cloud,
while rocking Winds are piping loud,
or rather'd with a shower still,
when the gulf hath blown his fill,
reeling on the ruffling Leaves,
with minute drops from off the Eaves.
When the Sun begins to fling
his flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
to arched walks of twilight groves,
and shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves,
the Pine, or monumental Oak,
where the rude Ax with heaved stroke
has never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
nor fright them from their hallow'd haunt ;
where in close covert by some brook,
where no profaner eye may look,
hide me from Day's garish eye,
and rule the Bee with honied thigh,

That

146 *Poems on several Occasions.*

That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid:
 And, as I wake, sweet musick breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antique Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light:
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd Choir below,
 In Service high, and Anthems clear,
 As may with swiftness through mine ear
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy Gown, and mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit, and rightly spell
 Of every Star that heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, *Melancholy*, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with this Song.

I. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look!

What sudden blaze of Majesty

Is that which we from hence descry,

Too divine to be mistook?

This, this is she

To whom our vows and wishes bend,

Here our solemn search hath end.

Name, that her high worth to raise,

Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,

We may justly now accuse

Of detraction from her praise;

Less than half we find express,

Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,

A circle round her shining throne,

Shooting her beams like silver threads:

This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Light she the wise *Latona* be,

Or the towred *Cybele*,

Author of a hundred gods,

Who dares not give her odds;

Who

Who had thought this clime had held
A Deity so unparallel'd ?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and
turning toward them, speaks.*

Gen. Stay gentle Swains ; for tho' in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often fung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluice,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse* ;
And ye the breathing *Roses* of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know, this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity ;
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold :
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
For know, by lot from *Jove*, I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisom winds, and blasting Vapours chill ;
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tassell'd horn.

Shakes

Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless :
 But else in deep of night, when drowfiness
 Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial *Syrens* harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of humane mould with gross unpurged ear ;
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds : yet as we go,
 What-e'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate ;
 And so attend ye tow'rd her glittering state :
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hem.

2. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me, as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string.
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching Elm star-proof,
 Follow me.
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor, as befits
 Her Deity.

Such

144 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By fandy *Ladon's* lillied banks ;
On old *Lycæus*, or *Cyllene* hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks :
Through *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony *Manalus*
Bring your Flocks, and live with us ;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place :
 Through *Syrinx* your *Pan's* Mistress were,
 Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
 Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.





A
M A S K

Presented at
LUDLOW-CASTLE,
1634.

Before the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then
President of WALES.



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The Copy of a Letter written by Sir
HENRY WOOTON, to the Author, up-
on the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

S I R,

I was a special Favour, when you lately bestow'd upon me
here the first Taste of your Acquaintance, though no longer
than to make me know that I wanted more Time to value
it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in Truth, if I could then have
imagin'd your farther stay in these parts, which I under-
stood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our
regular phrase, to mend my draught, (for you left me with an
extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again,
jointly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two,
that we might have banded together some good Authors of the
present time: Among which, I observed you to have been fa-
miliar.

Since your going you have charg'd me with new Obliga-
tions, both for a very kind Letter from you, dated the sixth of
this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which
came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the Tra-
gical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain
Ornate delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must
plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Lan-
guage: Ipsa mollities. But I must not omit to tell you, that
I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how mo-
destly soever) the true Artificer. For the Work itself I had
review'd some good while before, with singular delight, having
receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very Close
of

of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now, Sir, concerning your Travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few Lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recesses from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten, as you do, to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Ducca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled, save this only man, that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from His native Harbour; and at my departure towards Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signior Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear Love, remaining

Your Friend, as much at command
as any of longer date,

HENRY WOOTON.

P O S T S C R I P T.

S I R,

I Have expressly sent this my Foot-Boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having myself thro' some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.



N 3

The

The Persons.

*The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit
of Thyrsis.*

Comus with his Crew.

The Lady.

1 Brother.

2 Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief Persons who presented, were,

The Lord Brackly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.

Which
Confin'd
Strive to
Unmind



A

M A S K

Presented at

LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.



Efore the starry threshold of *Jove's* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal
Shapes

Of bright aerial Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions mild of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stir of this dim spot,

Which Men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care

Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,

Strive to keep up a frail and feverish Being,

Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives,

After

After this mortal change, to her true Servants
 Amongst th' enthroned Gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key,
 That opes the Palace of Eternity :
 To such my errand is ; and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure Ambrosial Weeds
 With the rank Vapours of this Sin-worn Mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, besides the sway
 Of ev'ry salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles,
 That like to rich and various Gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
 Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
 By course commits to several Governments,
 And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns,
 And wield their little Tridents ; but this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the Main,
 He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities ;
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation, proud in Arms :
 Where his fair off-spring, nurs'd in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Father's state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring Passenger ;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence and guard :
 And listen why ; for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
 From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bower.

Bacchus,

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
 Crusht the sweet poison of mis-used Wine,
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
 On *Circe's* Island fell; (Who knows not *Circe*,
 The Daughter of the Sun; whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine?)
 This Nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
 With Ivy-Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd:
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd;
 Excels his Mother at her mighty Art;
 Off'ring to every weary Traveller
 His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th'express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear,
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore, when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy;
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris' Wooff*,

And

And take the weeds and likeness of a Swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass
 in the other; with him a rout of Monsters beaded like
 sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise like Men and
 Women, their Apparel glistering; they come in making a
 riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star, that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day
 His glowing Axle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantic* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsie dance, and Jollity:
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the Starry Choir,
 Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.

The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies, and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain-brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath Night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, Goddess of Nocturnal sport,
Dark vail'd *Cotyto*, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight Torches burns; mysterious Dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon womb
Of *Stygian* darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the Air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and besfriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the blabbing eastern Scout,
The nice Morn, on th' *Indian* sleep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light-fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off; I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees;
Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art,
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,

And to my wily trains. I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd, as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazling Spells into the spungy air,
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be: for that's against my course.
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 Win me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
 I shall appear some harmless Villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of Riot and ill manag'd Merriment,
 Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesome Pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late Waffailers; yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next Thicket side,
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit,

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As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmer's weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus*' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me; else, O thievish night,
 Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lanthorn thus close up the Stars,
 That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the mis-led and lonely Traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wilderesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 O welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemisht form of Chastity;
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the supreme Good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glitt'ring Guardian, if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,

And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,

Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O if thou have

Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen-of Parly, Daughter of the Sphere;

So may'st thou be translated to the Skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
 Breathe such Divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd Soul,
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,

And

And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the Sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking Bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my Queen. Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed:
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
That is address'd to unattending Ears:
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.

Co. By falsehood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To seek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

La. They we-e but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling Vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human, as they stood :
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the Element,
 That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
 And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
 And, as I past, I worshipt ; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
 To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that Place ?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose
 In such a scant allowance of Star-light
 Wou'd over-task the best Land-Pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
 And every besky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted Lark
 From her thatch't pallat rowse : if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And 'trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry Halls
 And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended : In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.—

Enter the two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars ; and thou fair Moon,

That

That wont'ſt to love the travellers benizon,
 Sloop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
 And diſinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkneſs, and of ſhades:
 Or if your influence be quite dam'd up
 With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
 Though a Ruſh Candle from the wicker hole
 Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light;
 And thou ſhalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
 Of *Tyrian* Cynofure. *Y. Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops;
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village Cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little chearing
 In this cleſe Dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapleſs Virgin, our loſt ſiſter!
 Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps ſome cold bank is her Boulſter now,
 Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with ſad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
 Of ſavage hunger, or of ſavage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother; be not over-exquiſite
 To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
 What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
 Or if they be but falſe alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
 I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
 Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's book,
 And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
 As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe

(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm Thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk : And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude ;
 Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day ;
 But he, that hides a dark soul, and soul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert Cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a Senate House :
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
 Or do his gray Hairs any violence ?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree
 Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
 Of Dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of Miser's Treasure by an Out law's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless Maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste,
 Of night or loneliness, it reck's me not ;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person

Of our unowned Sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My Sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Elder Bro. I mean that too; but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my Brother, chastity.

She that has that, is clad in compleat steel.
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No Savage fierce, Banditti, or Mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity:
Yea there, where every desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption,
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meager Hagg, or stubborn unlaid Ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at *Curfeu* time,
No Goblin, or swart Fairy of the Mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginitie.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*,
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress *Diana* her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen, for ever chaste,

Where-

Wherewith she tam'd the brinded Lioness,
 And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'th' Woods.
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chastity,
 That when a Soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand livery'd Angels lacquey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear:
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the Soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
 Oft seen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres,
 Lingring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the Body, that it lov'd,
 And linkt it self by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Y. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is *Apollo's* Lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* List, list; I hear

Some far-off hallow break the silent Air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here.

Or else some Neighbour Woodman, or, at worst,

Some roving Robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heav'n keep my sifter. Again! again! and
Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [near!

Eld. Bro. I'll hallow;

If he be friendly he comes well; if not,

Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know; what are you? speak.

Come not too near, you fall on Iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak agen.

Y. Bro. O brother, 't's my Father's Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? whose artful strains have oft delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,

And sweeten'd ev'ry musk-rose of the dale?

How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram

Wipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

Or straggling Weather the pent flock forsook?

How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Master's heir, and his next joy,

Came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering Wolf; not all the fleecy wealth

That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

O my Virgin Lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,

Our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly

Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew.

(Though

(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire *Chimera's*, and enchanted Isles,
And risted Rocks, whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt,
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obscur'd haunts of inmost bowers:
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them, that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of Melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,

Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep,
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
Deny her Nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death; but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wifard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wisht prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager:
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
He were the two she meant, with that I sprung
To swift flight, till I had found you here.
But farther know I not. *Y. Bro.* O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
Can on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of forcery, or that power,
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd ;
 Yea even that, which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on:
 Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n,
 May never this just Sword be lifted up ;
 But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
 With all the griesly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
 But here thy Sword can do thee little stead ;
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those, that quell the might of hellish Charms :
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joynts,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
 How durst thou then thy self approach so near,
 As to make this Relation ?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray ;
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass

Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasie,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden Flower, but not in this soil :
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull Swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave ;
 He call'd it *Haemony*, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of Sov'raign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
 Or gastly furies apparition.
 I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true ; for by this means
 I knew the foul Inchanter, tho' disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off : if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the Necromancer's Hall ;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;
 But seize his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of Battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak ;
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee ;
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this Wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
And you a Statue, or, as *Daphne* was,
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool, do not boast;

'Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n fees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: See! here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt.
Not that *Nepentes*, which the Wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle-usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted: but, fair Virgin;
This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lyes.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These owly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver.
H. If thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to insnare a brute?
Were it a draught for *Juno*, when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer: none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that, which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoic* Fur;
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynic* Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her Sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worshipt Ore, and precious Gems,
To store her children with? If all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Frieze;
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,

And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
 As a penurious Niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought Diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestud with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginitie:
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unfavoury in th' injoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship:
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the housewife's wooll.
 What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my Judgment, as mine Eyes,
 Obtruding false Rules, prankt in Reason's garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,

As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance ; she, good caterers,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that, which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store ;
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid : for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder: Shall I go on ?
Or have I said enough to him that dares
Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity ?
Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?
Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd ;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not ; I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power :
 And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more ;
 'This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the Canon Laws of our Foundation ;
 I must not suffer this, 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood :
 But this will cure all freight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste. —

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his
 Glass out of his hand, and break it against the Ground ;
 his Rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in.
 The attendant Spirit comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape ?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast ; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless :
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt,
 The soothest Shepherd that e'er pip'd on Plains.

There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth *Severn* stream ;
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure ;
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Locrina*,
 That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute* :
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged Stepdame *Guendolen*,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,

That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course ;
 The water Nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her streight to aged *Nereus'* Hall ;
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil* ;
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oyls till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the River : still she retains
 Her Maiden gentleness, and oft at Eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all Urchin blast, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd medling Elf delights to make,
 Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their Festivals
 Carrol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell
 If she be right invok'd in warbled Song ;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need : this will I try,
 And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassie, cool, translucent Wave,
 In twisted Braids of Lillies knitting
 The loose train of thy Amber-drooping Hair ;
 Listen, for dear Honour's sake,
 Goddess of the Silver Lake ;
 Listen and save.

Listen

Listen and appear to us,
 In name of great *Oceanus*,
 By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace;
 And *Tethys'* grave majestic pace,
 By hoary *Nereus'* wrinkled look,
 And the *Carpathian* wifard's hook,
 By scaly *Triton's* winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying *Glaucus'* spell,
 By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
 And her Son that rules the strands,
 By *Thetis'* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
 By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the *Willow*, and the *Osier* dank,
 My sliding *Chariot* stays,
 Thick set with *Agat*, and the *Azurn* sheen
 Of *Turkis* blue, and *Emrauld* green.
 That in the channel strays,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the *Cowslip's* Velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle *Swain*, at thy request
 I am here.

Spir.

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity:
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
Now the spell hath lost his hold:
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her Seat.

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Lochrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchises'* line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand pretty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud,
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The Beryl, and the golden Ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terrass round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrh, and Cinnamon.

Come,

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the Sorcerer us intice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy Covert wide:
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's Residence,
 Where, this night, are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence, and beside
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.
 Come, let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But Night fits Monarch yet in the mid-sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the
 President's Castle; then come in Country Dancers, after
 them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and
 the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. Back, Shepherds, back; enough your play,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday:
 Here be without duck, or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

*Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a Crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

*Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy Climes, that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rose-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing
About the cedarn Alleys fling
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purpled scarf can shew;
And drenches with Elysian dew
Lift, mortals, if your ears be true)*

Beds

Beds of *Hyacinth* and *Roses*,
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the *Cyprian Queen*;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial *Cupid*, her fam'd Son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc'd,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the Sphery Chime;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.



ON THE
M O R N I N G
O F
CHRIST'S N A T I V I T Y.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy Sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say, Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern road
The Star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet ;

Q

O

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:
 Have thou the Honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel Choir,
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born Child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun, her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle Air,
 To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw;
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
 She, crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning Sphear
 His ready Harbinger,
 With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battle's sound,
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed Wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light
Of *Lucifer*, that often warm'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd World no more should need,
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice,
Answ'ring the stringed noise,

As all their Souls in blissful rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round

Of *Cynthia's* seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won

To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier Union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn Choir,
With inexpressive notes, to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,

And

And the well ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye Crystal Sphears,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the Bas of Heav'n's deep Organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelic Symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day..

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow, and like glories wearing:
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heav'n, as at some Festival,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace-hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the deep.

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The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the deep.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount *Sinai* rang,

While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our blifs
Full and perfect is;

But now begins: for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunting spring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
Th' *Lares* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint;
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Pow'r forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and *Baalim*,
Forfake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*;
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with Taper's holy shine;
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn;
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thammuz*
mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with Cymbals ring,
They call the griesly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis*, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen,
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshowr'd Grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud:
In vain with timbrel'd Anthems dark
The fable-stoled Sorc'ers bear his worshipp'd Ark.

XXV.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
 The dreaded Infant's hand;
 The rays of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the Gods beside
 Longer dare abide,

Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernal jail;
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see! the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending:
 Heav'n's youngest teemed Star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd Car,
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harrest Angels sit in order serviceable.



Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew
of his, dying of a Cough.

I.

O Fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft filken Primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Ere winter's force that made thy blossom drie;
Or he being amorous on that lovely die,
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.]

II.

Since grim *Aquila* his charioteer
Boist'rous rape th' *Athenian* damsel got,
Thought it toucht his Deity full near,
Likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Ereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

Mounting up in icy-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
Wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
Where ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care:
When he descended from his Snow-soft chair;
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Snatch'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV.

Art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
To *Apollo*, with unweeting hand,
Whom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
That *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand,
That *Hyacinth*, the pride of *Spartan* land;

But

But then transform'd him to a purple flower :
Alack ! that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb ;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where-e'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving Sphere,
Or in th' *Elysian* fields (if such there were ;)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Star, which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd *Olympus* by mischance didst fall ;
With careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall.

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled,
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before
Forsook't the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more ?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth ?
Or that crown'd Matron, sage white-robed Truth ?

Or any other of that Heav'nly brood,
Let down in cloudy throne to do the World some good ?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,

And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed;
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath, whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
The false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an off-spring give,
That till the World's last end shall make thy name to live.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in
the College, part Latin, part English.
The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus
began.*

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:

Small

Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
 For this same small neglect that I have made:
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeft treasure;
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimmings slight,
 Which take our late fantasticks with delight;
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st Attire,
 Which deepest Spirits and choicest Wits desire.
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;
 And weary of their place do only stay,
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears.
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity,
 How he before the thund'rous throne doth lie,
 List'ning to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her kingly Sire:
 Then passing through the Spears of watchful fire,
 And misty Regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of Snow, and lofts of piled Thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
 In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things, that came to pass
 When Beldame Nature in her cradle was;

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And last of Kings, and Queens, and Heroes old,
Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous'* feast,
While sad *Ulysses'* soul and all the rest
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way;
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy *Predicament*:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my Room.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of
the Predicaments his ten Sons, whereof
the eldest stood for Substance with his
Canons; which Ens, thus speaking,
explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Fairy Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn, she did them spie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something, that doth force my fear;
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wisely could presage,
And in Time's long and dark Prospective Glass
Fore-saw what future days should bring to pass:

Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident;
 O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King,
 Yet every one shall make him underling;
 And those, that cannot live from him asunder;
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Clothing.
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
 And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring War shall never cease to roar:
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose his Gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake
 in Prose, then Relation was call'd
 by his name.*

RIVERS, arise; whether thou be the Son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphie Dun,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
 His thirty Arms along th' indented Meads,
 Or fallen Mole that runneth underneat,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of Maiden's death,
 Or rockie Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians Name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal tow'rd Thame.

The rest was Prose.

The

The PASSION.

I.

ERE while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo;

Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound:
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, elsewhere are found;
Loud o'er the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound:

Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,

196 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish white.

VI.

See, see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood;
My spirit some transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Tow'rs of *Salem* stood
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my Soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock,
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store;
And here through grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon untosom all their Echoes mild;
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he
had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfy'd with
what was begun, left it unfinished.*

On TIME.

FLY, envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummer's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours;
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When every thing, that is sincerely good,
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb,
Then all this Earthy grossness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O *Time*:

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Pow'rs, and Winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant Song,
Hut heard by happy watchful Shepherds e'er,
Sweetly sung your Joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Our fiery essence can distil no tear,

Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow;
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere
 Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His Infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love;
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in Death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely fatis'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day: but oh! ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

BLeft pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt pow'r employ,
 Dead things with imbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-raisd phantasie present
 That undisturbed Song of pure content,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him, that sits thereon,
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubilee,
 Where tie bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted Angel-trumpets blow.

And the Cherubic host in thousand Choirs
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits, that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms
 Singing everlastingly ;
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair Musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

*An Epitaph on the Marchioness of
 Winchester.*

THIS rich Marble doth inter-
 The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*.
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her Virtues fair
 Added to her noble Birth,
 More than she could own from Earth,
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told, alas! too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death :
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as compleat as her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.

Her

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The Virgin choir for her request
 The God, that sits at marriage-feast;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce-well-lighted flame;
 And in his Garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
 Once had the early Matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely Son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
 But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
 And the languisht Mother's womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower;
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears,
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning Funeral.
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travel sore,
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
 That, to give the world encrease,
 Shortned hast thy own life's lease.

Here,

Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan,
Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
And some Flowers, and some bays,
For thy *Herse*, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
To him, that serv'd for her before;
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG. On May Morning.

NOW the bright Morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flow'ry *May*; who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail, bounteous *May*, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and Groves are of thy Dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

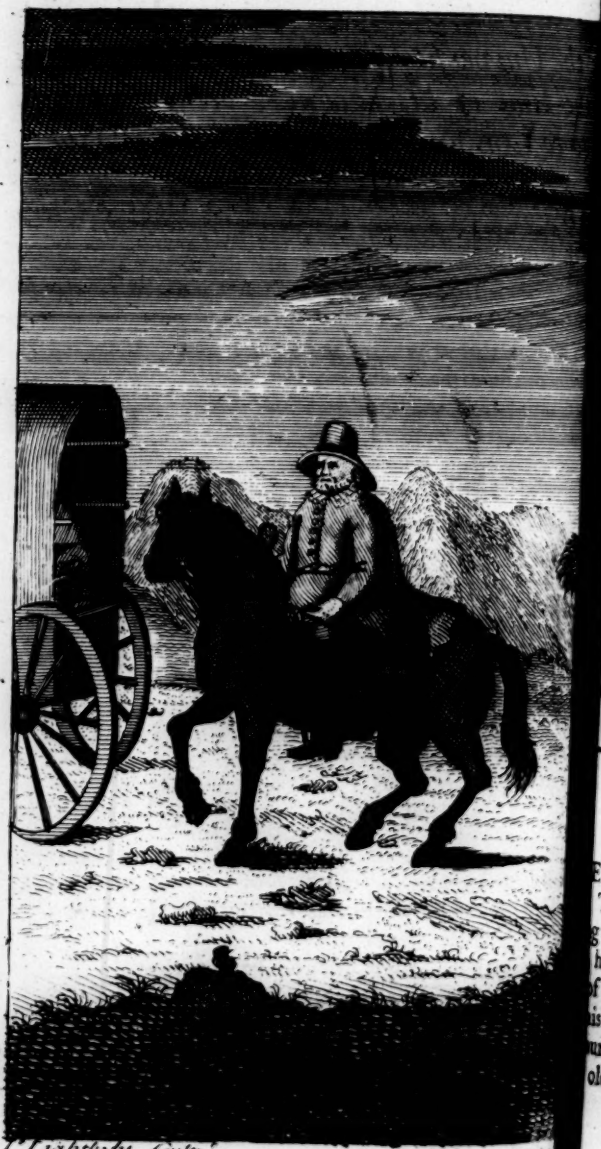
On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Stary-pointing *Pyramid*?
Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unval'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such Pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.



ON SHAKESPEARE

WHAT good thy labours bring
To those who read thy works
Or those who hear thy voice
Or those who see thy face
Or those who touch thy hand
Or those who feel thy heart
Or those who know thy mind
Or those who love thy name
Or those who live thy life
Or those who die thy death
Or those who rise thy resurrection
Or those who reign thy kingdom
Or those who glory thy name
Or those who praise thy power
Or those who worship thy wisdom
Or those who adore thy beauty
Or those who love thy light
Or those who follow thy path
Or those who keep thy commandments
Or those who do thy will
Or those who love thy Father
Or those who love thy Mother
Or those who love thy Brother
Or those who love thy Neighbour
Or those who love thyself
Or those who love the world
Or those who love the flesh
Or those who love the devil
Or those who love the sin
Or those who love the death
Or those who love the hell
Or those who love the devil
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the University Carrier, who sicken'd in
the time of his vacancy, being forbid to
go to London, by reason of the Plague.

HERE lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Else the ways being foul, twenty to one
here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
As such a shifter, that if, truth were known,
he was half glad when he had got him down;
he had any time these ten years full,
l'd with him betwixt *Cambridge* and the *Bull*.
Surely death could never have prevail'd,
not his weekly course of carriage fail'd:
Late finding him so long at home,
thinking now his journey's end was come,
that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,
the kind Office of a Chamberlain
g'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
off his Boots, and took away the light.
Ask for him, it shall be said,
has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:
His destiny, never to rot
he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
Of spear-metal, never to decay
his revolution was at stay.
Numbers motion, yet (without a crime
old truth) motion number'd out his time:

And

And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Meerly to drive the time away, he sicken'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quicken'd:
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his Cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more weight:
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon, he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this Superscription.



On the new Forcers of Conscience under
the Long PARLIAMENT.

BEcause you have thrown off your Prelate Lord
And with stiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
'To seize the widow'd whore Pluralitie
From them, whose sin ye envy'd, not abhorr'd;
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Consciences, that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith, and pure Intent
Would have been held in high Esteem with *Paul*,
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
By shallow *Edwards* and *Scotch* what d'ye-call.
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots, and packing, worse than those of *Trent*,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though baulk your Ears,
And succour our just Fears;
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large.



The fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

*Rendered almost word for word without Rhyme,
according to the Latin Measure, as near as
the Language will permit.*

WHat slender Youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain, and Seas,
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire;

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of fluttering gales
Unmindful! Hapless they,

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.





SONNETS.

SONNET I.

To the Nightingale.



Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the Woods are
 still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart
 dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious
May

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in Love; O, if *Jove's* will
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some Grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONNET II.

On his being arriv'd to his 23^d Year.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Tow'rd which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task master's eyes.

SONNET III.

To the Soldier, to spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize
 If ever deed of honour did thee please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
 What-ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
 List not thy spear against the Muses Bower.
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Tower

Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

SONNET IV.

To a Lady.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth.
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friend
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

SONNET V.

*To the Lady Margaret Lee Daughter to the
Earl of Marlborough.*

D AUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of *England's* Council, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both more in himself content,
All the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At *Chæroneæ*, fatal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.

Though later born, than to have known the days,
 Wherein your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

SONNET VI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
 And woven close, both matter, form and stile;
 The subject new; it walk'd the Town a while,
 Num'bring good intellects; now seldom pored on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to *Mile-*
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than *Gordon,*
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
 Those rugged Names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek,*
 Hated not Learning worse than Toad or Asp,
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge,* and King *Edward*
 (Greek.

SONNET VII.

On the same.

I Did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of Owls and Cuckoos, Asses, Apes and Dogs:
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs

Rail'd

Rail'd at *Latona's* twin-born Progenie,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting Pearl to hogs ;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty ;
Or who loves that, must first be wise and good :
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

SONNET VIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

HArry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas' Ears*, committing short and long ;
By worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth aire could humour best our tongue,
You honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus' Choir*,
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.
None shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

SONNET IX.

An Elegy.

WHen Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just Soul to dwell with God,
Weeky thou didst resign this earthly load.

O Death, call'd life; which us from Life doth sever!
 Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
 Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod;
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever:
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious Theams
 Before the Judge; who henceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

SONNET X.

On General FAIRFAX.

F *Airfax*, whose Name in Arms thro' *Europe* rings,
 And fills all mouths with envy or with Praise,
 And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things;
 Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings
 Victory home, while new Rebellions raise
 Their *Hydra* Heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand,
 For what can War but acts of War still breed,
 Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,
 And publick faith be rescu'd from the brand
 Of publick fraud? In vain does Valour bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

SONNET XI.

On Sir Henry Vane, the younger.

*V*ane, young in Years, but in sage Counsels old,
 Than whom a better Senator ne'er held
 The Helm of *Rome* (when Gowns, not Arms, repel'd
 The fierce *Epirot*, and the *African* bold)
 Whether to settle Peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow States, hard to be spell'd;
 Then to advise how War may best b'upheld,
 Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
 All her Equipage: Besides to know [done.
 What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few have
 The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;
 Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
 And reckons thee in chief her Eldest Son.

SONNET XII.

To O. CROMWELL.

*C*romwell, our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd
 Not of War only, but Distractions rude,
 Guided by Faith and matchless Fortitude)
 To Peace and Truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,
 And fought God's Battles and his works pursu'd,
 While *Darwent* Streams with blood of *Scots* imbru'd,
 And *Dunbar* field resound thy Praises loud,
 And *Worcester's* Laurel wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; Peace has her Victories
 No less than those of War. New Foes arise,
 Threatning to bind our Souls in secular chains:
 Help us to save free Conscience from the Paw
 Of hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw.

S O N-

SONNET XIII.

On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

A Venge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the *Alpine* mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old.
When all our Fathers worship'd Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy Book record their groans,
Who were thy Sheep, and in their antient Fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moan
The Vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' *Italian* fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

SONNET XIV.

On Cyriac Skinner.

CYriac, this three years day, these Eyes tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of Sight, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle Orbs does day appear,
Or Sun or Moon, or Stars throughout the Year;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's Hand, or Will; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, t'have lost them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,

Where

Whereof all *Europe* rings from side to side,
This Thought might lead me thro' this world's
vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no other Guide.

SONNET XV.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide.
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?
I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yolk, they serve him best; his State
Kingly: Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

SONNET XVI.

*Mr. Lawrence, Son to the President of
Cromwell's Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day; what may be won
From the hard season gaining? time will run
On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
The frozen earth; and clothe in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attick taste, with Wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
 Warble immortal Notes and *Tuscan* Air?
 He, who of those delights can judge and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

SONNET XVII.

On Cyriac Skinner.

C*Yriac*, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench
 Of British *Themis*, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd, and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
 Which others at their Bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let *Euclid* rest, and *Archimedes* pause,
 And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

SONNET XVIII.

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
 Brought to me, like *Alceſtis*, from the grave,
 Whom *Jove's* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint;
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purificat

Purification in th' old Law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :
 Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
 Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in her Person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But oh ! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in
 the inward Shrine of the Temple of the God-
 dess Diana, utters his Request thus :

Diya potens nemorum, &c.

GOddeß of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
 Walk'st on the lowring Sphears, and thro' the
 deep,

On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell
 What Land, what seat of rest thou bid'st me seek ;
 What certain Seat, where I may worship thee
 Or aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Choirs.

To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana in a
 Vision that Night, thus answered :

Brute, sub occasum solis, &c.

Brutus, far to the West in th' Ocean wide
 Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies,
 A-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
 Now void, it fits thy people ; thither bend
 thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting Seat,
 Where to thy Sons another Troy shall rise

T

And

And Kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.

Ah *Constantine*, of how much ill was cause,
Not thy Conversion, but those rich Domains,
That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee!

In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty,
'Gainst them, that rais'd thee, dost thou lift thy Horn?
Impudent Whore, where hast thou plac'd thy Hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got Wealth?
Another *Constantine* comes not in haste.

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings
Into a goodly Valley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
'Things that on Earth were lost, or were abus'd.
Then pass he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That *Constantine* to good *Silvester* gave.

Horace to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good Man, whom but he
Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great Suits and Controversies,
Whose Witness and Opinion wins the Cause?

But his own House, and the whole Neighbourhood
Sees his soul inside through his whited Skin.

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true Liberty when free-born Men
Having t' advise the Publick may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves his Praise;
Who either can, or will, may hold his peace;
What can be juster in a State than this?

H O R A C E.

—*Valet ima summis*
Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The Pow'r, that did create, can change the scene
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brightest Glory can eclipse with might;
And place the most obscure in dazling light.

H O R A C E.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Regumque matres barbarorum, &
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.
Injurioso ne pede proruas
stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous People, and their Princes too,
All purple Tyrants honour you,
The very wandring Scythians do.

Support the Pillar of the Roman State,
 Left all men be involv'd in one man's fate,
 Continue us in Wealth and Peace;
 Let Wars and Tumults ever cease.

CATULLUS.

*Tantò pessimus omnium Poeta,
 Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

The worst of Poets I my self declare,
 By how much you the best of Patrons are.

On SALMASIUS.

*Quis expedituit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
 Picamque docuit, verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis venter, & Jacobei
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quid si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.*

Englified.

Who taught *Salmasius*, that French chattering-Pye,
 To aim at *Englisch*, and *Hundreda* cry?
 The starving Rascal, flusht with just a hundred
Englisch *Jacobus's* *Hundreda* blunder'd;
 An Outlaw'd King's last Stock.——A hundred more
 Wou'd make him pimp for 'th' Antichristian Whore;
 And in *Rome's* Praise employ his poison'd Breath,
 Who threatned once to stink the Pope to Death.



PSALM I.

Done into VERSE, 1653.

8 Bless'd is the man, who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the Wicked, and i'th' way
Sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Scorners hath not sat: but in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night:
He shall be as a tree, which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall;
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked; but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM

PSAL. II. done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
 Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' Earth upstan
 With pow'r, and Princes in their Congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each Land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords. He who in Heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, faith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion's holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; The Lord to me hath said,
 'Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
 As thy possession, I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and, as thy Conquest to be sway'd,
 Earth's utmost bonds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere;
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III. *Aug. 9. 1653.*

When he fled from Abfalom.

Lord, how many are my foes!
How many those,
That in-arms against me rise!
Many are they,
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah; he full soon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though encamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhorr'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV. *Aug. 10. 1653.*

A Nswer me, when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straights and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn;
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lyes?
 Yet know, the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart:
 (For whom to choose he knows.)
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin;
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within:
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say,
 Who yet will shew us good?
 Talking like this world's brood:
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where-e'er I lie;
As in a rocky Cell,
Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V. Aug. 12. 1653.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
I th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God, that takes
In wickedness delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy fight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy, that speak a lye;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy House; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress;

Set

Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.

For in his faulting mouth unstable

No word is firm, or sooth;

Their inside, troubles miserable;

An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.

God, find them guilty, let them fall

By their own counsels quell'd;

Push them in their rebellions all

Still on, for against thee they have rebell'd.

Then all, who trust in thee, shall bring

Their joy, while thou from blame

Defend'st them; they shall ever sing,

And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found

To bless the just man still,

As with a shield thou wilt surround

Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI. *Aug. 13. 1653.*

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;

Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,

Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,

For all my Bones, that even with anguish ake,

Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore;

And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, restore

My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:

For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?

Wearied I am with sighing out my days,

Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;

My Bed I water with my tears: mine Eye

Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark

I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.

Depar

Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

*Upon the Words of Chush the Benjamite against
him.*

[Lord, my God, to thee I flie,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Left as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
All to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it, let him tread
My Life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there out-spread
To lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
 Rouze thy self amidst the rage
 Of my foes, that urge like fire;
 And wake for me, their fury assuage:
 Judgment here thou didst engage,
 And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
 Will surround thee, seeking right;
 Thence to thy glorious habitation
 Return on high, and in their sight.
 Jehovah judgeth most upright
 All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
 According to my righteousness,
 And the innocence which is
 Upon me: cause at length to cease
 Of evil men the wickedness,
 And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
 Since 'thou art the just God, that tries
 Hearts and reins. On God is cast
 My defence, and in him lies,
 In him, who, both just and wise
 Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
 And God is every day offended;
 If th' unjust will not forbear,
 His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
 Already, and for him intended
 The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
 For them that persecute.) Behold!
 He travels big with vanity,

Trouble

Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lye.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSALM VIII. *Aug.* 15. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
As above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest breath!

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
To flint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars, which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
Oh! what is man that thou remembrest yet

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!

U

Scarce

230 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Scarce to be less than Gods thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his Lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts, that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fish, that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth,
O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth!



April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre,
wherein all, but what is in a different
Character, are the very Words of the
Text, translated from the Original.

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 **T**HOU, Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That sit'st between the Cherubs bright,
Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen * Gnorerā
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * smoking wrath, and angry vow * Gnashanta
Against thy Peoples prayer!
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,

- And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Sbafib.*
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us, and a prey
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
 And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagn.*
- 7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
 O God of Hosts, vouchsafe;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought
 Thy free love made it thine;
 And drov'st out Nations proud and haunt,
 To plant th's lovely Vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it began to grow apace,
 And fill'd the Land at last.
- 10 With her green shade, that cover'd all,
 The Hills were over-spread,
 Her Boughs as high as Cedars tall
 Advanc'd their lofty Head.
- 11 Her branches on the western side
 Down to the Sea she sent,
 And upward to that River wide
 Her other branches went.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her Fence,
 That all may pluck her, as they go
 With rudest violence?
- 13 The tusked Boar out of the Wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild beasts there brouze and make their food
 Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
 Behold us, but without a frown,
 And visit this thy Vine.

Poems on several Occasions. 233

- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*;
Upon the Son of Man whom thou
Strong for thy self hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quick'n us thou, then gladly we
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, and thy *grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be *safe*.



P S A L M LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God, our strength, sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may bear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The cheerful Psaltry bring along,
And Harp *with pleasant string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound,*
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn Feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*
A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not *swerve.*
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Egypt's Land,
The Tongue I heard *was strange.*
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and mirie soil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of *thrall.*
- I answer'd thee in * Thunder deep *Be Setber ragnan.*
With clouds encompass'd round;
I try'd thee at the water sleep
Of Meriba *renown'd.*

- 8 Hear, O my People, hearken well,
I testify to thee,
Thou antient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me;
9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt's Land;
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, whom I lov'd so dear,
Mislik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
13 O that my People would be wise,
To serve me all their days,
And O that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous ways!
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
That are their Enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
To bow to him and bend:
But they, his People, should remain,
Their time should have no end.
16 And he would feed them from the shock
With Flow'r of finest wheat;
And sat'sfie them from the Rock
With Honey for their meat.

P S A L M LXXXII.

- 1 **G**OD in the * great * assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,
 † Among the Gods, † on both his hands,
 He judges and debates,
 2 How long will ye * pervert the right
 With * judgment false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
who thence grow bold and strong?
 3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless,
 * Dispatc^h the * poor man's cause,
 And † raise the man in deep distress
 By † just and equal Laws.
 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him, *that help demands.*
 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on;
 The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
 And * out of order gone.
 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
 The Sons of God most high;
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other Princes *die.*
 8 Rise, God, * judge thou the earth *in might,*
 This *wicked* earth * redress;
 For thou art he, who shalt by right
 The Nations all possess.

* Bagnadab-e

† Beheren

* Tish pher
gnave

* Shiphu-da

† Hatzdika

* Jimmota

* Shiphu

P S A L M

PSALM LXXXIII.

BE not thou silent *now at length*,
 O God hold not thy peace,
 Sit not thou still, O God of strength;
We cry, and do not cease.

For lo! thy furious foes *now swell*,
 And * storm outrageously,
 And they, that hate thee, *proud and fell*
 Exalt their heads full high.

* *Jebemajun.*

Against thy People they † contrive
 † Their Plots and Counsels deep;
 Them to insnare they chiefly strive,

† *Jagnarimu.*
 † *Sod.** *Jishjagnatsu gnal,*
 * *Isepuneca.*

* Whom thou dost hide and keep.
 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no Nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory.

For they consult † with all their might,
 And all as one in mind,

† *Laujuchdan.*

Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind:

The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of scornful Ishmael,

With them of Hagar's blood,
That in the Desert dwell.

Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
 And hateful Amalec,

the Philistins, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the Sea doth check;

With them great Afshur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot;

these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the Sons of Lot.

238 *Poems on several Occasions.*

- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*,
That wasted all the coast,
 To Sifera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the Plain.
 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their Princes speed;
 As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
 So let their Princes bleed.
 12 For they amidst their pride have said,
 By right now shall we seize
 God's Houses and will now invade
 † Their stately Palaces. † *Neoth Elohim bears both*
 13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,
 No quiet let them find;
 Giddy and restless let them reel,
 Like stubble from the wind.
 14 As when an aged wood takes fire,
 Which on a sudden strays,
 The greedy Flame runs higher and higher,
 Till all the Mountains blaze;
 15 So with thy whirl-wind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;
 16 * And till they * yield thee honour due,
 Lord fill with shame their face. * *They seek to*
 17 Asham'd and troubled, let them be, *Name, He*
 Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded and so die
 With shame, and scape it never.
 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the most high, and thou the same,
 O'er all the earth art one.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair,
O Lord of Hosts! how dear
The pleasant Tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 My Soul doth long, and almost die,
Thy Courts, O Lord, to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the Sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a house of rest;
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest:
Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Tow'rd thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy House reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* Vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladfom cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear;
Thou God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed dear.
- 9 For one day in thy Courts to be
Is better, and more blest,

Than

Than in the joys of vanity
 A thousand days at best:
 I in the Temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in Tents, and rich abode,
 With Sin for evermore.
 11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
 Gives Grace and glory bright;
 No good from them shall be with held
 Whose ways are just and right.
 12 Lord God of Hosts, *that reign'st on high,*
 That man is truly blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth relie,
 And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 **T**HU Land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack:
 Thou hast from *hard* Captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
 That wrought thy People's woe,
 And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid *where none should know.*
 3 Thine anger all thou hast remov'd
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy † fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
 † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
 Far worse than fire to burn.
 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore;
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*

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Wilt thou be angry without end
 For ever angry thus ?
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us ?
 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again * revive, * *Heb. turn to quicken us;*
 That so thy People may rejoice
 By thee preserv'd alive ?
 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew ;
 Thy saving Health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
 And now what God the Lord will speak,
 I will go *strait* and hear :
 For to his People he speaks peace,
 And to his Saints *full dear* :
 To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *ere long* appear
 To dwell within our Land.
 O Mercy and Truth *that long were mis'd*
 Now *joyfully* are met ;
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
 And *hand in hand* are set.
 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*
 Shall bud and blossom *then* ;
 And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r
 Look down *on mortal men.*
 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
 Before him Righteousness shall go
 His Royal harbinger :

Then * will he come, and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSALM LXXXVI.

THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline ;
O hear me *I thee pray :*

For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and *sad decay.*

2 Preserve my Soul, for * I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just ;

Save thou thy Servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust :

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call ; 4 O make rejoyce

Thy Servant's Soul ; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my Soul *and voice.*

5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all

Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *incessant* Prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid ;*

For thou wilt grant me *free access,*
And answer what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works

Of all, *that other Gods have done,*
Like to thy *glorious* works.

* Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things.*

- 9 The Nations all, whom thou hast made
 Shall come *and all shall frame*
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorifie thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done ;
 Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide ;
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour, and adore,
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
 And thou hast freed my Soul,
 Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God, the Proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life ; and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew ;
 Slow to be angry, and *art styl'd*
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on ;
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy hand-maid's Son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast;
There seated is his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's fair Gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings fair
 Of Jacob's Land; *though there be store,*
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee abroad are spoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our Forefathers yoke:
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiops' utmost ends,
 Lo! this man there was born.
- 5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
 Be said of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her;
 High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the Nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred Songs are there;
 In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

Lord God, thou dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry ;

And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee *prostrate lie*.

Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend ;

And to my cries, *that ceaseless are*,
Thine ear with favour bend.

For cloy'd with woes, and trouble fore,
Surcharg'd, my Soul doth lie ;

My life at death's *unbearful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.

Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit ;

I am a * man, but weak, alas !
And for that name unfit.

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

From life discharg'd and parted quite,
Among the dead to *sleep*,

And like the slain in *bloody fight*,
That in the Grave lie *deep* :

Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard

Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house bath barr'd.

Thou in the lowest Pit profound
Hast set me *all forlorn*,

Where thickest darkness hovers round,
In horrid deeps to mourn.

Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me :

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* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,

* And all thy waves break me.

* *The Hebrew bears both.*

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious;

Me to them odious, *for they change,*

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,

Mine Eye grows dim and dead;

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,

Shall the deceas'd arise,

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed,*

With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,

On whom the Grave *hath hold;*

Or they, *who* in perdition dwell,

Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand

Or wondrous acts be known,

Thy justice in the *gloomy land*

Of *dark* oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,

Ere yet my life be spent;

And *up to thee* my prayer doth hie

Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forsake,

And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruise'd, and † shake

With terror sent from thee? † *Heb. Præ concussione*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low,*

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo,

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,

Thy threatnings cut me through:

- 17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far ;
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.



A Paraphrase on *Psalm* 114.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the
Author at the Age of Fifteen.*

WHen the blest Seed of *Terah's* faithful Son,
After long toil, their liberty had won,
And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand.
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; *Jordan's* clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil:
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Fountains?
Shake, earth, and at the presence be agast
Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last;
That glassy fouds from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.



PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladſom mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God :
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell :
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake :
For his, &c.

Who by his wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate :
For his, &c.

Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry plain :
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light :
For his, &c.

And cauſ'd the golden-treſſed Sun,
All the day long his courſe to run :
For his, &c.

The

The horned Moon [to shine by night,
Among her spangled sisters bright :
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Egypt's* Land :
For his, &c.

And in despight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel* :
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the *Erythraean* main :
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of Glas,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass :
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his pow'r :
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful Wilderness :
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown :
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold *Sibon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast :
For his, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew :
For his, &c.

And to his servant *Israel*
He gave their Land therein to dwell :
For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery :
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy :
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need :
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth :
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye :
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.



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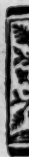
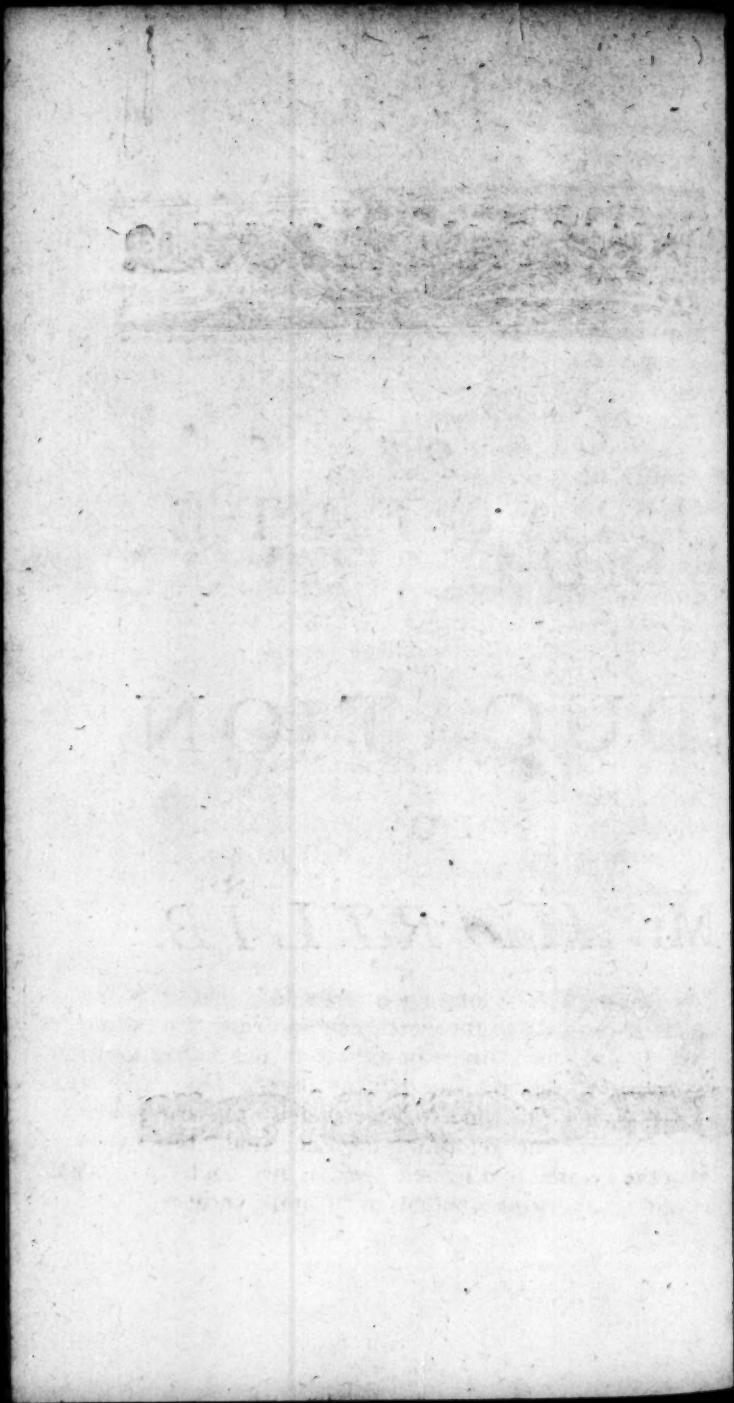
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A SMALL
TRACTATE
OF
EDUCATION,
TO
Mr. *HARTLIB.*





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O F
E D U C A T I O N.
T O
Mr. *SAMUEL HARTLIB.*

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. *HARTLIB,*



A M long since persuaded, that to say, or do ought worth Memory and Imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, than simply the love of God, and of Mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, tho' it be one of the greatest and noblest Designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had
Y 2 not

not yet at this time been induc'd, but by your earnest Entreaties and serious Conjurments; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other Assertions, the knowledge and the use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of Truth, and honest Living, with much more Peace. Nor should the Laws of any private Friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former Thoughts, but that I see those Aims, those Actions which have won you with me the Esteem of a Person sent hither by some good Providence from a far Country, to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same Repute with Men of most approv'd Wisdom, and some of highest Authority among us. Not to mention the learned Correspondence which you hold in foreign Parts, and the extraordinary Pains and Diligence which you have us'd in this Matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite Will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of Nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think that so reputed, and so valu'd as you are, you would, to the forfeit of your own discerning Ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous Argument, but that the Satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a Persuasion, that what you require from me in this Point, I neither ought, nor can in conscience defer beyond this Time both of so much need at once, and so much Opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is, either of Divine, or human Obligement, that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in Writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in silence presented itself to me, of a better Education, in Extent and Comprehension far more large, and yet of Time far shorter, and of Attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in Practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath

With extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Jamias* and *Didactics*, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my Inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few Observations which have flower'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative Years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil Knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the Ruins of our first Parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that Knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our Souls of true Virtue, which being united to the heavenly Grace of Faith makes up the highest Perfection. But because our Understanding cannot in this Body found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the Knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior Creature, the same Method is necessarily to be follow'd in discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not Experience and Tradition enough for all kinds of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those People who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And tho' a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the World into, yet, if he had not studied the solid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a Learned Man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many Mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight Years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and

Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one Year. And that which casts our Proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle Vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous Exaction, forcing the empty Wits of Children to compose Themes, Verses and Orations, which are the Acts of ripest Judgment, and the final Work of a Head fill'd, by long reading and observing, with elegant Maxims, and copious Invention. These are not Matters to be wrung from poor Striplings, like Blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely Fruit: Besides the ill Habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *Idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of Speech by their certain forms got into Memory, they were led to the Praxis thereof in some chosen short Book lesson'd thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the Substance of good things, and Arts in due Order, which would bring the whole Language quickly into their Power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give Account to God of our Youth spent herein. And for the usual Method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old Error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick Grossness of barbarous Ages, that instead of begining with Arts most easy, (and those be such as are most obvious to the Sense,) they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the intellective Abstractions of Logick and Metaphysics: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick Flats and Shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable Construction, and now on the sudden transported under another Climate to be to stand turmoil'd with their unballast-ed Wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of Controversy,

do

do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mock'd and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful Knowledge; till Poverty or youthful Years call them importunately their several Ways, and hasten them with the sway of Friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity: Some allur'd to the Trade of Law, grounding their Purposes not on the prudent and heavenly Contemplation of Justice and Equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing Thoughts of litigious Terms, fat Contentions, and flowing Fees; others betake them to State-Affairs, with Souls so unprincipled in Virtue, and true generous Breeding, that Flattery, and Court-shifts, and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest Points of Wisdom; instilling their barren Hearts with a conscientious Slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not feign'd: Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy Spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the Enjoyments of Ease and Luxury, living out their Days in Feast and Jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest Course of all these, unless they were with more Integrity undertaken. And these are the Fruits of mispending our prime Youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in Learning mere Words, or such things chiefly as were better Unlearn't.

I shall detain you no longer in the Demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct you to a Hill-side, where I will point ye out the right Path of a virtuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first Ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly Prospect, and melodious Sounds on every side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest Youth, our Stocks and Stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy Nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest Wits to that asinine Feast of Sow-thistles

thist'es and Brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible Age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a Man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the Offices, both private and publick, of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less Time than is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First, to find out a spacious House, and Ground about it, fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty Persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be Attendants, all under the Government of one, who shall be thought of Desert sufficient, and Ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This Place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other House of Scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be Practitioners; but as for those general Studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Arts, it should be absolute. After this Pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the increase of Learning and Civility every where. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their days work into three Parts, as it lies orderly: Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary Rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their Speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear Pronunciation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do

not

not open our Mouths in the cold Air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue ; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward : so that to smatter *Latin* with an *English* Mouth, is as ill a hearing as *Law French*. Next to make them expert in the usefulest points of Grammar, and withal to season them, and win them early to the Love of Virtue and true Labour, ere any flattering Seducement, or vain principle seise them wandring, some easy and delightful Book of Education should be read to them ; whereof the *Greeks* have Store, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic Discourses. But in *Latin* we have none of classic Authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*, and some select Pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and ground-work will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every Opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing Obedience, enflam'd with the Study of Learning, and the Admiration of Virtue ; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave Men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all Ages ; that they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught Qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises : which he who hath the Art and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual Persuasions, and what with the intimation of some Fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own Example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible Diligence and Courage ; infusing into their young Breasts such an ingenucus and noble Ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renown'd and matchless Men. At the same time, some other hour of the Day, might be taught them the Rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After Evening repasts, till bed-time, their Thoughts will be best taken up in the easy grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors of *Agriculture*, *Cato*, *Varro*, and *Columella* ; for the matter is most easy, and if the Language be difficult, so much

much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years: And here will be an occasion of inciting and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of *Hercules'* Praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be Masters of an ordinary Prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy. And at the same time might they be entring into the *Greek* Tongue, after the same manner as was before prescrib'd in the *Latin*; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being soon overcome, all the Historical Physiology of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* are open before them, and, as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's* natural Questions, to *Mela*, *Celsus*, *Pliny*, or *Solinus*. And having thus past the Principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy*, and *Geography*, with a general Compact of Physicks, they may descend in *Mathematicks* to the instrumental Science of *Trigonometry*, and from thence to Fortification, Architecture, Enginry, or Navigation. And in natural Philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the History of Meteors, Minerals, Plants and living Creatures, as far as Anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious Writer the Institution of Physick; that they may know the Tempers, the Humours, the Seasons, and how to manage a Crudity: Which he who can wisely and timely do, is not only a great Physician to himself, and to his Friends, but also may at some time or other save an Army by this frugal and expenseless means only; and not let the healthy and stout Bodies of young Men rot away under him for want of this discipline; which is a great pity and no less a shame to the Commander. To set forward all these proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks

thematically, what hinders, but that they may procure as oft as shall be needful, the helpful Experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other Sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists; who doubtless would be ready, some for Reward, and some to favour such a hopeful Seminary? And this will give them such a real Tincture of natural Knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with Delight. Then also those Poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facil and pleasant, *Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius*; and in Latin, *Lucretius, Manilius*, and the rural Part of *Virgil*.

By this Time, Years and good general Precepts will have furnisht them more distinctly with that Act of Reason which in *Ethicks* is call'd *Proairesis*; that they may with some Judgment contemplate upon moral Good and Evil. Then will be requir'd a special Reinforcement of constant and sound Endoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the Knowledge of Virtue and the Hatred of Vice; while their young and pliant Affections are led thro' all the moral Works of *Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius*, and those *Locrian* Remnants; but still to be reduc'd in their nightward Studies, wherewith they close the Day's Work, under the determinate Sentence of *David* or *Solomon*, or the Evangelists and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the Knowledge of personal Duty, they may then begin the Study of Economics. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd Hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with Wariness and good Antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, *Greek, Latin, or Italian*: Those Tragedies also that treat of Household Matters, as *Trachinæ, Alceſtis*, and the like.

The next Remove must be to the Study of *Politics*; to know the Beginning, End, and Reasons of political Societies;

Societies; that they may not in a dangerous Fit of the Common-wealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but stedfast Pillars of the State.

After this they are to dive into the Grounds of Law, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and with best Warrant, by *Moses*; and as far as human Prudence can be trusted, in those extoll'd Remains of *Grecian* Law givers, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*; and thence to all the *Roman Edicts* and Tables, with their *Justinian*; and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundays also and every Evening may be now understandingly spent in the highest Matters of *Theology*, and Church-History Antient and Modern; and ere this Time the *Hebrew* Tongue at a set Hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own Original; whereto it would be no Impossibility to add the *Chaldee*, and the *Syrian* Dialect.

When all these Employments are well conquer'd, then will the choice Histories, *Heroic Poems* and *Attic* Tragedies of stateliest and most regal Argument, with all the famous political Orations, offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by Memory, and solemnly pronounc'd with right Accent and Grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the Spirit and Vigour of *Demosthenes*, or *Cicero*, *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*.

And now lastly will be the Time to read with them those organic Arts which inable Men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fitted Style of Lofty, Mean, or Lowly.

Logic therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referred to this due Place, with all her well-coucht Heads and
Topicks,

Topicks, until it be Time to open her contracted Palm into a graceful and ornate *Rhetorick*, taught out of the Rules of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Phalerus*, *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*, *Longinus*. To which *Poetry* would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the Profody of a Verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the Rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotle's Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian Commentaries* of *Castelvetro*, *Tasso*, *Maximiani*, and others, teaches what the Laws are of a true *Epic Poem*, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Liric*, what Decorum is, which is the grand Master-piece to observe.

This would make them soon perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rhymers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent Use might be made of Poetry, both in Divine and Human Things. From hence and not till now will be the right Season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent Matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal Insight into Things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Council, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other Gestures, and Stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a Trial of our Patience as any other they preach to us.

These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their Time in a disciplinary Way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their Ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical Course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the steady Pace of learning onward, as at convenient Times for Memory's

Sake to retire back into the middle Ward, and sometimes into the Rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole Body of their perfected Knowledge, like the last embattelling of a *Roman* Legion.

Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.



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EXERCISE.

THE Course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those antient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle*, and such others, out of which were bred up such a Number of renowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy* and *Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a Defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the Common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lycæum*, all for the Gown, this Institution of breeding, which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an Hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for Exercise, and due Rest afterward: But the Time for this may be enlarged at Pleasure, according as their rising in the Morning shall be early.

The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact Use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with Edge, or Point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in Breath, is also the likeliest Means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless Courage, which being temper'd

with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroic Valour, and make them hate the Cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practis'd in all the Locks and Gripes of Wrestling, wherein *Englishmen* were wont to excel, as Need may often be in Fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single Strength. The Interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient Rest before Meat, may both with Profit and Delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd Spirits with the solemn and divine Harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied Descant, in lofty Fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable Touches adorn and grace the well-studied Chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ-slop waiting on elegant Voices either to religious, material, or civil Ditties; which, if wise Men and Prophets be not extremely out, have a great Power over Dispositions and Manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick Harshness and distemper'd Passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first Concoction, and send their Minds back to study in good Tune and Satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant Eyes till about two Hours before-Supper, they are by a sudden Alarm or Watch-word, to be call'd out to their military Motions, under Skie or Covert, according to the Season, as was the *Roman* wont; first on Foot, then as their Age permits on Horse-back, to all the Art of Cavalry; that having in Sport but with much Exactness, and daily Muster, served out the Rudiments of their Soldiership in all the Skill of Embattling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the Helps of antient and modern Stratagems, *Tacticks*, and warlike Maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renown'd and perfect Commanders in the Service of their Country. They would

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not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful Armies, suffer them for Want of just and wise Discipline to shed away from about them like sick Feathers, tho' they be never so oft supplied: they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutable Colonels of 20 Men in a Company, to quaff out, or convey into secret Hoards, the Wages of a delusive List and a miserable Remnant: yet in the mean While to be over-master'd with a Score or two of Drunkards, the only Soldiery left about them, or else to comply with all Rapines and Violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that Knowledge that belongs to good Men or good Governors, they would not suffer these Things.

But to return to our own Institute, besides these constant Exercises at home, there is another Opportunity of gaining Experience to be won from Pleasure itself abroad. In those vernal Seasons of the Year, when the Air is calm and pleasant, it were an Injury and Sullenness against Nature not to go out, and see her Riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a Persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three Years that they have well laid their Grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the Quarters of the Land; learning and observing all Places of Strength, all Commodities of Building and of Soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade: Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical Knowledge of Sailing and of Sea-fight.

These ways would try all their peculiar Gifts of Nature; and if there were any secret Excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance itself by, which cou'd not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired Virtues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this Purity of Christian Knowledge.

ledge. Nor shall we then need the *Monfieurs of Paris* to take our hopeful Youth into their flight and prodigal Custodies, and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes, and Kickshaws. But if they desire to see other Countries at three or four and twenty Years of Age; not to learn Principles, but to enlarge Experience and make wise Observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all Men where they pass, and the Society and Friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent: And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much Time else would be lost abroad, and many ill Habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy.

Thus, Mr. *Hartlib*, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discours'd with you concerning the best and noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many Considerations, if brevity had not been my scope: Many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this, to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for Light and Direction may be enough. Only I believe, that this is not a Bow for every Man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulysses*; yet I am withal persuaded that it may prove much more easie in the Essay, than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that Imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this Age have Spirit and Capacity enough to apprehend.

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